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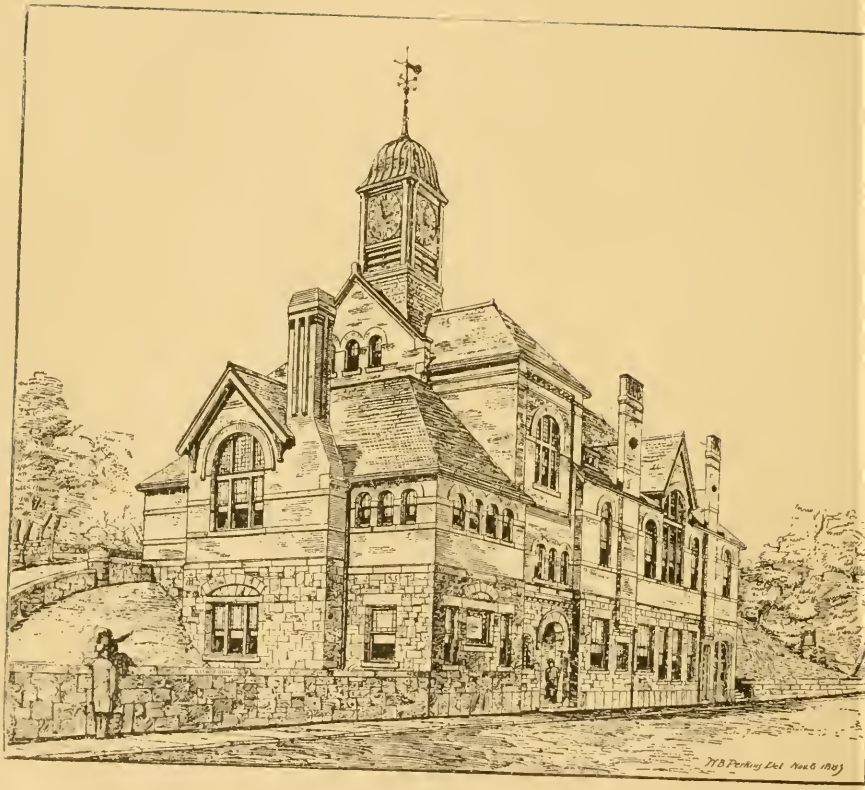
CELEBRATION

—— OF THE ——

One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

OF WILTON, N. H.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1889.



THE CELEBRATION

OF THE

One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

OF THE

SETTLEMENT OF WILTON,

WILTON, N. H., SEPT. 12TH, 1889.

BY CHAS. W. MARSHALL AND JOEL H. METCALF.

NASHUA, N. H.:
GAZETTE BOOK AND JOB PRINT.
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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

In presenting this book to the public a few words of explanation may not be out of place. The committee in charge of the celebration were merely authorized to make the necessary arrangements for a suitable observance of the day, and the matter of preparing a report was not thought of at the time of their appointment. After the day was past the advisability of having such a report occurred to them, and learning that Mr. Marshall and Mr Metcalf had a full set of notes on the day's proceedings, they employed those gentlemen to prepare a report. The committee feel, however, that the people of Wilton will concur in this action, as it will be readily seen that such an event is of so unusual a character as to be of great imporance in the history of the town.

WILTON'S SESQUICENTENNIAL.

On Thursday, September 12th, 1889, Wilton completed the one hundred and fiftieth year of its existence. Such an event the good people of the town could hardly allow to pass unnoticed. In the March town meeting the subject of a celebration was discussed, but while the prevailing sentiment seemed to be in favor of a celebration, no appropriation was made for the purpose. The matter was finally left with a committee of three, who were empowered to act according to their discretion, and, if a celebration were thought advisable, they were to make the necessary arrangements and to take executive charge of affairs. The committee, as originally announced by the moderator, George E. Bales, consisted of Moses Clark, chairman, Harvey A. Whiting, George L. Dascomb. The vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Dascomb was afterward filled by the selection of Andrew N. Barton. These gentlemen made active preparations to celebrate the day in a fitting, patriotic manner. The sons and daughters of Wilton from far and near were urged to be present, and the invitation met with a hearty response. When the day arrived the dull, heavy appearance of the sky was not calculated to inspire one with new enthusiasm, but in spite of the threatening weather of the few days previous, and notwithstanding the fact that the signal service—an unknown institution at the time of the Centennial—displayed the rain flag, the ardor of the citizens was not in the least quenched. The rain fortunately kept off during the entire day, with the exception of a slight shower in the morning, and the day proved much better than the morning gave promise of. Promptly at 9 o'clock the ringing of bells from church and school-house announced that the "festal day had come," and soon after the procession, which marked the formal opening of the day's exercises, was formed with the head of the column in Railroad Square in the following order :—

1. Chief Marshal, G. W. Wallace.

2. AIDS :

D. E. Herrick,	A. C. Young,
C. A. Burns,	F. E. Proctor.
E. W. Hesselton,	David Whiting, 2d.

These gentlemen, who were all mounted, were dressed in black Prince Albert suits, soft felt hats and red sashes.

3. Police on foot and uniformed, M. J. Herlihy, chief. James Shea and Michael Kennedy.

4. Drum Major, Thos. Cooley.

5. Wilton Cornet Band, 26 pieces, A. P. Brigham, leader.

6. Abiel A. Livermore Post, G. A. R. with 30 men, including a delegation from Harvey Holt Post of Lyndeborough, H L. Emerson commanding.

7. David E. Proctor Camp Sons of Veterans, 20 men, Captain E. W. Lawrence, displaying a beautiful new flag, a gift from Maj. D. E. Proctor. This flag marks an epoch in our national history, being the first one in Wilton to display the forty-two stars.

8. Fire company, 40 men, C. B. Smith, foreman. The company was neatly uniformed with dark blue caps and blue blouses trimmed with red. The caps bore on the front the name of the company—Excelsior.

9. Fire engine Excelsior drawn by John Merrill's four horses.

10. Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Barnes on saddle and pillion in the costume of one hundred and fifty years ago. They attracted much attention along the line of march and admirably carried out their part.

11. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Putnam in antique garments, riding in a veritable "one horse chaise" of sixty years ago. The old-fashioned "calash" that Mrs. Putnam wore was over fifty years old. The chaise was particularly interesting from the fact that it has passed through four generations of Putnams, and because it was kept on the first settled farm in town. This also proved quite a feature of the parade and gave an excellent representation of the "good old times."

12. Mr. Geo. and Miss Fanny Whiting in a handsome modern buggy.

13. Mr. Geo. A. Newell and ladies in a modern carriage. These

two illustrating improvements in the style of pleasure carriages, were all the more striking by contrast with the chaise just mentioned.

14. A couple of the Revolutionary period, Mr. D. S. Draper dressed as an officer, and Mr. David Davis as his wife.

15. "Our National Flower"—Golden Rod. Four young ladies, Miss Stella Beard, Miss Maude Calder, Miss Lillian Calder, Miss Grace Blanchard, charmingly attired in white and carrying bunches of golden rod. The horse and carriage were set off with the same beautiful flower, while some sprigs of it adorned the coat of the driver, Mr. Albert Beard. The idea was quite unique and very well carried out.

16. Hon. C. H. Burns' family carriage with three young ladies, Miss Blanche Burns, Miss Elva Hall, Miss Gertrude Hatcher, carrying corn stalks, the emblem of plenty. Mr. Burns' grandson, Robbie, 2½ years old was an active member of the party The driver was Mr. Ben. E. Burns.

17. Miss Bessie Putnam on a pony.

18. Mr. Levi Putnam's family carriage, containing besides Mr. Putnam, J. H. Putnam, Mrs. Stevens, Miss M. Clough, Miss Clara Blood.

19. J. W. Howard, Nashua, buggy.

20. Clark Campbell, buggy.

21. French Village school in a team handsomely trimmed with oak boughs.

22. County Farm school in a barge drawn by four horses.

23. Low and Rewell representing the "Webster Elastic Spring."

24. Team illustrating the mop business of Low and Rewell. Twelve boys in knit uniforms and armed with mops made a novel escort.

25. Colony Bros.—Dray load of packing cases with a pyramid of colored and white flannels, the whole surmounted by a large sheep.

26. D. Whiting & Sons, grain and feed, in charge of D. E. Stiles.

27. D. Whiting and Sons, milk and butter.

28. Bales and Putnam, "The Village Smith," representing their line of business with two forges and anvils. Mr. Bales and as-

sistant, W. C. Jones, were making ox shoes and Mr. Putnam was fitting horse shoes. The business was established in 1812 by Mr. Bales' father. Some of the ox shoes were thrown to the crowd as fast as they were made, and were highly valued as mementoes of the occasion.

29. Proctor Bros. & Co., the cooper's trade, C. A. Burtt and A. E. Swallow, making half barrels and kits.

30. The Northern Express with a load of merchandise marked "Going by Northern Express."

31. S. N. Center, 2d, with a load of groceries, grain and hardware.

32. Levi Putnam, load of twenty-five trunks. A row of yellow pumpkins around the wagon showed that Mr. Putnam does some farming as well as manufacturing.

33. W. N. Patterson & Son, grind-stones and saw-horses.

34. D. E. Proctor, grain.

35. A. C. Young, dry goods, boots and fancy goods. Wagon very tastily gotten up in the form of a booth in which the goods were very attractively displayed. The roof supported an immense rubber boot—large enough for Gulliver himself—from the top of which appeared a beautiful wax doll.

36. D. E. Proctor, groceries and hardware.

37. Whiting's Farm team containing black calf and pig, drawn by two horses, one of which was placarded, "Bill, 26 years old."

38. M. P. Stanton, groceries.

39. A. O. Barker, groceries.

40. Dr. McGown, dentistry illustrated by a living victim, Scott E. Foster. Gas was administered on the line of march, a tooth pulled and another prepared for filling. A huge molar suspended over the seat added to the realism of the performance.

41. F. M. Lund, boots and shoes. A team fitted up as a room, with shelves, on which was displayed a full line of his goods. Mr. Lund and his daughter Bertha, the latter of whom represented the distant past, were trying to sell their goods to a lady of the present, Miss Hattie Foster. A polytype machine and a cobbler's bench told that Mr. Lund also makes and repairs shoes.

42. E. B. Center, White Sewing Machine. The driver, Mr. C. P. Delany, was dressed completely in white.

43. D. Cragin, measures.

44. S. H. Dunbar, meat and provisions.

45. Livermore Farm, lumber and farm products. Two or three small pine trees together with the fruit and vegetables gave quite a rural appearance to the display.

46. H. P. Ring, "Town Agency," representing printing and Ring's Ambrosia Co.

47. Flint & Gray, wheelwrights and carriage makers.

48. Citizens in private carriages.

The dogs of A. C. Young and M. P. Stanton, employed as an advertising medium on this occasion, ought not to be omitted. Mr. Young's dog wore a white blanket with a red border advertising dry goods, while Mr. Stanton's wore a blanket variously decorated with "Old Judge" Cigarette labels.

The line of march was down Main St., to Russell; up Russell St., to Maple, by the Town Hall to Forest; up Forest St., to Levi Putnam's mill, counter marching by Warren Putnam's to Forest St., by Whiting's mill up Highland St., counter marching in front of the Gregg Mansion returning by Colony's mill to the Hotel, where the procession was reviewed by President of the Day, Hon. C. H. Barns, Executive Committee Moses Clark, Harvey A. Whiting, Andrew N. Burton, Selectmen James Sheldon, John B. Hickey, R. M. Moore. Town Treasurer, Geo. E. Bales, invited guests, Ephraim Brown of Lowell, orator of the day, Dr. A. A. Livermore of Meadville, Penn., Rev. I. S. Lincoln.

The streets were thronged with people and carriages, and careful estimates place the number of people on the streets at about 2,000. There were the youth and the gray-haired man, the vigorous and the feeble, the citizen and the stranger. The wanderer to other towns had returned to show his loyalty to his native place and rejoiced to share in the jubilee if only by his presence. Old and young alike seemed to catch the inspiration of the hour and the whole town took on a holiday attire. The decorations along the route were in good taste and some were quite elaborate. Bunting was used for the most part, but Chinese lanterns, colored paper and flowers helped to give variety to the general effect. Flags were displayed from the residences of D. E. Proctor, John Merrill, A. J. Putnam, Mrs. Mary R. Blanchard, C. H. White, Isaac Brothers, S. H. Dunbar, Wm.

Stearns, J. Langdell David Whiting, Harvey A. Whiting, A. Beard, A. A. Ramsey, Dr. Hatch, Warren P. Putnam, Geo. E. Hartwell, C. A. Burns, C. H. Burns, E. Perkins, Wm. H. Hopkins, W. W. Curtis. Large flags were flung across the street from the Everett House, D. E. Proctor's store, and from the residences of M. Rhiney and D. Mahoney. The windows of Mrs. Fleeman's house were decorated with designs in colored paper. Major D. E. Proctor also had, in addition to his display of bunting, a lot of Chinese lanterns very prettily arranged. A string of variously colored Chinese lanterns extended from H. A. Whiting's to A. A. Ramsey's on one side of the street, and a corresponding string from David Whiting's to A. Beard's on the other side. Flowers were shown at A. J. Putnam's, J. Langdell's, Albert Beard's. Wm. Evans had a web of Colony Bros. red flannel flung over the trees near his residence, making a decidedly novel decoration.

The exercises in the hall began at 10.30, but long before that time people had filled the hall, and although chairs and extra settees were added, every available place, either to sit or stand, was taken and a large number of people were unable to get into the building. The hall was tastefully decorated under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. A. Beard, assisted by Miss Stella Beard and the Misses Calder of Boston. As one entered the auditorium the decorations on and about the platform first arrested his attention. Streamers of red, white and blue bunting, radiating from the chandelier as a center and extending to the top and sides of the stage, formed a very pretty canopy for the speakers. Suspended from the chandelier and near the center of the stage by cords of golden rod were the dates "1739–1889" in large figures beautifully wrought in colored asters on a dark background. This made a center-piece at once striking and in perfect harmony with the rest of the decorations. On either side of the platform were two flags set off by the rich green of laurel foliage which reached from floor to gas jets. Laurel also ornamented the curve of the stage and concealed the gas jet in front. At either end was a large urn filled with beautiful hydrangeas, while mammoth bunches of dwarf sunflowers relieved the sides of the speaker's desk. Boquets and baskets of flowers, sent in by ladies in the town, stood upon the piano and completed the decorations of the stage. Gay colored bunting ran in brilliant festoons from the center

to the sides of the gallery, while the space around the clock and all the gas fixtures were elaborately trimmed with flags. The hydrangeas and sunflowers used in the stage decorations were kindly contributed by Mr. A. P. Calder of Boston.

The programme of the morning's exercises was as follows:

1. Music by the Band, "Auld Lang Syne."
2. Words of Welcome, Moses Clark, Chairman of Committee.
3. Invocation, Rev. T. O. Harlow.
4. Chorus, Festival Hymn, Dudley Buck.
5. Scripture reading, { Romans 13, 1-8, / I Peter 2, 9 17, } Joel H. Metcalf.
6. Prayer, Rev. A. A. Livermore, D. D.
7. Address of President, Hon. C. H. Burns.
8. Chorus, "Triumphal March," Cortes.
9. Oration, Ephraim Brown, Lowell, Mass.
10. Poem, Dr. Francis E. Abbott, Cambridge, Mass.
11. Grand Hallelujah Chorus, Handel.
12. Benediction, Rev. I. S. Lincoln.

WORDS OF WELCOME BY MOSES CLARK,

Chairman of Committee of Arrangement.

Ladies and Gentlemen: What calls the young people in such large numbers here to-day? What is the reason so many middle-aged people are here, and for what purpose have gathered so many of our aged people, who have seen and show the toil of many years? It is because they all have a deep interest in celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the good old town of Wilton. For the committee, and then in behalf of the people of the town, we welcome the sons and daughters of Wilton, who have gone elsewhere to find homes, but have returned to take a part with us to-day in this celebration. We welcome those who have come from adjoining towns; we welcome everybody who has come here to the festivities of this occasion. I myself cannot comprehend one hundred and fifty years, but I can go back fifty years and recall some thing that has been done here in Wilton since many of you left your

native place. When I came here, forty-three years ago, the fifth day of October, 1846, there were only twenty six buildings, all told, here in this village, and some of these were burned, and some were taken down and better ones have taken their places as you will see to-day. To-day there are over two hundred and many of them are equal to any in the State. In the past fifty years we have not only had prosperity but we have had adversity. Our property has been destroyed by fire and flood. Twenty years ago a flood took some thirty thousand dollars in bridges, damage of highways. A factory and several smaller buildings were carried down the river and it looked at one time as though more must soon follow. When I came here there was not a factory in the town. Soon after one was built on the site were one was burnt before I came here, but this one was burned in March, 1872, but to day there is a beautiful flannel mill upon the same spot, giving employment to many people. We have had fires that have several times burned some portion of our village, but each time it has been rebuilt. The Whitney house, on the site of which was an old red house that many of you will remember, was destroyed by fire, and now on the same spot is this Town House, grand in architecture, rich in the material in which it is built, comfortable and convenient, good in workmanship, and is here in this thriving village of Wilton, the grandest among the grand. We trust that the memory of this day will long be cherished and be ever attended with pleasing and profitable recollections. I now have the honor to name the following gentlemen who will take part in the exercises of the day:

For President, Hon. Charles H. Burns.

For Vice-Presidents, David Whiting, William Emerson, Sewell Putnam, E. G. Woodman, Samuel N. Center, William Sheldon, Abiel Abbot, William Abbot, Harvey F. Frye, Edward H. Spaulding, Samuel Burton, Jacob Putnam, George Buss, John D. Wilson, Samuel L. Kimball, John McGregor, Henry Gray, Joel Heselton, Warren Stiles, L. W. Perham, George E. Bales, F. M. Pevey.

For Secretary Andrew N. Burton.

Invocation by Rev. T. O. Harlow.

O Lord, our God, King of Kings, who from Thy throne beholdeth all the dwellers upon the earth, who ruleth with justice and wisdom, we thank Thee for all the privileges of this celebration.

We pray Thee that we may have Thy blessing and benediction to rest upon us, and that we may be directed by Thy wisdom and counsel in conducting these exercises, and at last present ourselves a living sacrifice unto Thee. Which we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Saviour. Amen.

Prayer By A. A. Livermore.

Eternal God, our Heavenly Father, who liveth and reigneth forever, while the generations of men arise and pass away. We invoke Thy blessing on this celebration of a century and a half of the history of our beloved town. Thou has been our God and the God of our fathers. Thou did'st plant them here, and establish them and cause them to multiply and prosper. Thy blessings have been more than we can number and Thy mercy endureth forever. We bless Thee for the institutions of freedom, education and religion, which through Thy good Providence Thou did'st here establish upon the immovable foundations of justice, truth and love. We thank Thee for all the good work done here, for the patient toil of the husbandman, the thrift of the housewife, the skill of the artisan, the enterprise of the manufacturer, the traffic of the merchant: for the preached word and the motive of the school. We bless Thee for the hearth and home and the sweet ties of parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, lovers and friends. We thank Thee that Thou has't given us in all these years the happiness of living in the beautiful abodes of civilized and Christian life. In peace and in war Thou has't led our steps and the steps of our fathers and brought freedom out of bondage, and light out of darkness, and joy out of grief, and overruled all things for the good of Thy children. And standing on the blessed experience of the past, we would commit our ways unto Thee for the future in well doing as unto a faithful Creator and Friend. Bless our town our State, and

our country and all our magistrates and citizens. May we make good the blessed plan of our statesmen and heroes for a Christian commonwealth. We reconsecrate ourselves and our town to thy service, which is perfect liberty and perfect happiness Preserve the health and lives of our people. We renew our vows of penitence and obidence. Forgive our sins. Have compassion on our infirmities. May this day's remembrance of Thy mercies of the past quicken us to new thankfulness and fidelity. We commit ourselves into Thy arms of everlasting love. May grace, mercy and peace be multiplied unto all from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Address By C. H. Burns.

Fellow Citizens:—Fifty years ago Wilton completed a century of its life. It was deemed by its good citizens an event of such consequence as to entitle it to formal notice: and a day was set apart for that purpose, and devoted to speeches, music, songs, and general rejoicing. I hold in my hand a published account of that performance, and in it I find the graphic description of the day and its experiences:

"The morning of the celebration dawned auspiciously, and was ushered in with the ringing of the bells and a salute of one hundred guns. The sun rose upon a cloudless sky. The day was calm, clear and mild. Everything conspired to render it one of the finest mornings of early autumn; and many were those who rose betimes and hailed it with joyful anticipations. Emigrants to other towns and to the distant cities and villages of other states had come back to revisit once more the scenes of their youth, and to celebrate with friends and former associates this grand jubilee of their native town. And now the sons and daughters of Wilton, resident and emigrant, together with numerous guests from abroad, leaving behind them for a while the cares of professional life, the din of machinery, the business of the farm, the workshop, or the counting room, might be seen thronging the roads that ascend from all quarters of the com-

mon. As they approach, the first thing to catch all eyes was a fancy flag, in its semi-circular wreath of evergreen, hovering in the air midway between the two churches on the hill, and appearing to have no support, till on arriving near it, the cord which upheld it was seen stretched from belfry to belfry, and on the flag itself appeared the inscription, "1739" and "1839," with other devices between them. The national banner had been raised in the air, and its stripes and stars, borne on the now rising breeze, were floating gaily over the now spacious pavilion, erected on the border of a pleasant field, a few rods east of the old meeting-house. Around the meeting-house stood handsome spruce trees, the growth of the night; while within it was beautifully ornamented with verdant boughs and wreaths, and a large chandelier of evergreen. The common was at an early hour alive with people moving to and fro, or collecting in groups; and the fine appearance of the Miller Guards, a company of volunteers, organized in the town a short time previous, under the command of Col. Samuel King, with the cheering music of the band attending them, gave increased animation to the scene. And throughout the multitudes there assembled the cordial greetings of old acquaintances, the hearty shaking of hands, the glad voices and speaking countenances all testified to the overflowing pleasure and good feeling which reigned on the occasion."

The officers of the day were: President, Ezra Abbott; vice-presidents, Abraham Whittemore, Jonathan Livermore, Jonathan Burton, Timothy Parkhurst, Timothy Abbot, Daniel Batchelder, Oliver Whiting; Chief Marshal, Jonathan Parkhurst; Assistant Marshals, Samuel Kink, David Wilson, Hermon Pettengill, Calvin Gray, Oliver Barrett, Moses Spaulding; toast masters, Eliphalet Putnam, Zebediah Abbot.

This is a list of splendid men. They are all gone. Not one of the officers who were active on that occasion still lives; but they have left a record that is as imperishable as the stars. They were representative men. Although not the founders, they were the promoters and builders of a staunch and noble town, whose influence has reached every part of our great country. They were men who loved their God, their home, their town and their country. They

worked not only for themselves but their fellowmen. They were not drunkards, nor loafers, but men of marked sobriety and unflagging industry. They did not plot against the common weal, but they wrought by day and by night for the perfection of law and the advancement of society. They did not have great learning or brilliant abilities, but they were wise observers, very intelligent, and full of native worth, and an integrity that was as immovable as the granite hills on which they lived. They were possessed of all the characteristics which are essential in establishing a successful commonwealth.

Fifty years have come and gone since the centennial of Wilton occurred; and it is without doubt true that they have been the most remarkable years in many respects that the world has ever known. In no other epoch of history has the brain of man been so productive of discoveries and inventions which are useful to mankind. Chemical, mechanical, physical and economic truths have been discovered and utilized which have displaced and re-adjusted almost all the processes of manly industries, affecting agriculture, manufactures, transportation, exchanges, the sciences and the arts, the finances, the education and learning, the moral and social condition of the human race.

In the old world during this time, and since Victoria ascended the throne of England, which was just before the centennial of Wilton, kings and queens have lost their thrones, and more than half the powers of Europe have been overturned and remodelled. In our own country we have made a growth which is the marvel of christendom. We had a population in 1839 of about fifteen millions of people, now we have more than sixty millions Then the Pacific coast was an almost unknown land, with scattered inhabitants and a shore covered with snow and sand and rock, "where formerly the sluggish Mexican kept his ranch and the red Indian hunted the buffalo," now it is dotted all over with thriving cities and villages in which are to be found all the equipments of modern civilization; and this vast region is to day connected by the iron rails with every other part of the United States. Then Arkansas and Missouri were extreme frontier states; Michigan almost unknown. Chicago was a speck of a town not then christened, but called Fort Dearborn;

now it has almost as many inhabitants as London then had; its name is a power in this land; its beauties and marvels are the wonderment of all who behold them. The growth of this magic city is typical of the whole nation.

When our fathers celebrated fifty years ago they recurred to the storms and trials of the revolution and the brave work of their fathers at Bunker Hill, Bennington and Yorktown for evidences of their prowess and patriotism in war, but the valor of the men of '76 is almost dwarfed by that of their sons shown on hundreds of battlefields eighty-five years later. The civil war, which stands midway between 1839 and 1889, tested the patriotism not only of the men of the nation but of Wilton, whose roll of honor is proof that here dwells a people thoroughly imbued with love of home and country, and a disposition and ability to defend both at all hazards and at any cost. During the period, slavery, which was a foul blot upon our government half a century ago, has been overthrown, and the nation is redeemed from the clutch of its deadliest foes.

In our town we can show commendable progress. This beautiful town hall and the charming village wherein it stands are almost entirely the product of these fifty years. The locomotive that whistles through this valley morning, noon and night had not then even threatened to thrill our mountains with its echoes. In a review of Wilton's centennial, written in 1840, it has triumphantly boasted "that the old, ill-formed, inconvenient houses, with their large chimneys were in many instances gone, and in their place we had the neat and convenient dwelling, warmed by a cast iron fireplace or its more economical stove." Hot air and steam furnaces were then unknown, and the modern dwelling, such as now crown "the noble hills of Wilton," with their manifold conveniences, had not yet appeared. The era of tallow and sperm oil, which succeeded the pine knot, has been followed with petroleum, gas and electricity. We ride by steam and talk by wire, thus almost annihilating time and distance. This is an epitome of national and town progress during these eventful years.

For five decades, since our fathers thus paused and with honest pride registered their splendid progress and condition, has the great work of town building and citizen making here gone on. Its

sons have traversed all climes, and the principles taught them by their fathers permeate and adorn civilization in most, if not all, the great centres of our country. Again we pause to celebrate in a modest way another suggestive event. We do not stand as is said in the matchless oration of Mr. Peabody delivered here fifty years ago, "on the horizon that divides two centuries," but we are midway between the second century of our town life and an era fruitful of the most astounding discoveries and developments.

This is the occasion. Wilton welcomes her sons and daughters to-day with all the warmth of a mother's greeting. She only asks her children to solemnly remember that glorious and pride-inspiring as is an honored ancestry, "it is better to transmit than to inherit a good name."

The president in introducing the orator of the day referred to the old custom of placing the churches and school houses on the highest points of land, and said: "Fifty years ago a school house stood on Bales' Hill. There a boy, a native of the town, attended and afterwards taught it. The school master has since been abroad in our land and has made such a record for himself and Wilton that he has been called upon to deliver the address on this occasion. Allow me to present Ephraim Brown of Lowell."

ADDRESS

BY EPHRAIM BROWN.

Mr. President,

People of Wilton,

My Native Town:

As a family widely scattered many years, comes home to the golden wedding of its heads, so we have assembled at this golden period of fifty years in the history of Wilton to celebrate this event and enjoy once more the kind interchanges of kinship and the generous congratulations of friendship.

I come before you this hour, not only for myself, but as a representative of sons and daughters of Wilton, who would be here if they could, and whom we should delight to see. I come as a son who loves the old home and all its people, and joined in sentiment with those I represent, I extend to you all our hearty salutations and the right hand of fellowship. I come to fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, old friends and acquaintances, and feel the thrill of new communions awakened in our breasts, and laying aside stateliness and formality let us spend this hour and the day in free and easy discourse upon what was and is and is to come. Let there be free flow of enthusiasm, for golden weddings come but once in a life time, and children again gathered in the old mansion are allowed to talk fast, loud and long, and the old home circle to respond with

welcome, cheer and good will. Even a little fullness in language and demonstrativeness in manner may be excusable unless it becomes absurd.

There are here to-day two of the school masters of my childhood, sons of Wilton, the able authors of your new and most interesting history, their eye not dim, nor their mental force abated; one for many years the beloved pastor over God's chosen people, and for more than twenty-five years the president of a high and distinguished theological seminary, and whose scholarly attainments and christain character endear him to Wilton people and all the country, whose right and whose privilege and duty it was to present to you the address of this occasion, and for years I have expected no other. The place in which I stand to-day is not of my seeking and I consented to it only upon the assurance that he had declined it. I am most keenly sensible of the high honor thus conferred, and ask that in your kind indulgence you will overlook the short comings of the hour, remembering that I lived in Wilton only twenty-six years of infancy and youth and have been absent forty-four years, during which time my visits have only been occasional and brief. You all therefore can easily comprehend how much I regret my own want of intimate knowledge of the inner life of the town and its people and how that want has beset my every step in preparation for this hour. I can only say with the aspostle, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee."

Mr. President: Fifty years ago Wilton became one hundred years old, and that centennial day was celebrated as a memorable period in its existence. An account of that celebration was published in a large pamplet soon after, including the eloquent and scholarly oration by that eminent divine, Rev. Dr. Ephraim Peabody of New Bedford, Mass., one of Wilton's sons, intimately connected with leading families of the town, and born where Gilman R. Mansur now resides. Brief reference is made to this celebra-

tion on pages 214–16, in the New History issued in 1888. This celebration was the second of its kind in Hillsborough County. Hollis celebration was in 1830, nine years before the one in Wilton. The doings of that Wilton day have been so completely set forth in the pamphlet, and the subsequent history of the town so fully published in the new history, other historical material from which to select for this occasion is meagre in historical importance. Your excellent historians seem to have gathered it all and there has been no Boaz to say "Glean among the Sheaves."

The first half of the second century of the town has rolled around and we, its people, are met here to-day to satisfy the impulses of our own hearts, and to follow the precept and example of the fathers. We are standing in the middle period of Wilton's second century, and like travellers midway on a mountain's side we pause to survey our ascent, admire the beautiful scenes through which we have come, and to look onward and upward to the summit with thanksgiving, courage, hope and joy. Great changes have taken place during the fifty years just elapsed. That celebration was at the centre of the town, in the meeting house on the hill. That meeting house was the town house, and all the large assemblages of the people were there. The principal political, municipal and elective gatherings were within is walls. The Unitarian society occupied it for its place of worship. Its pulpit, altar and pews represented dear and sacred interests of the people, and although other church buildings had arisen the old meeting house, erected by the fathers, had an air of antiquity and sacredness that commanded the respect and reverence of the people. But to day the business, political and part of the religious interests of the town have floated down to this valley, and we are met in this beautiful temple, largely the generous gift with its appointments of sons and daughters of Wilton soil and her adopted citizens. This appropriate and beautiful Town Hall speaks in emphatic words. It tells us that old things have passed away,

that for Wilton all things have become new. It tells us of enterprise, foresight and generosity. It suggests a future for the town of greater duration and magnitude than the one hundred and fifty years now elapsed. The churches, school-houses, factories, depots, mills, ware-houses, store houses and dwellings that stand around it ensure to this happy valley and all the region, whose business and commerce flow into it, an activity and prosperity that were unknown to our forefathers. The periphery has become the centre and the town revolves around the lower Souhegan Valley.

What are the active agencies that have brought around these changes of the last fifty years?

First. The location and conformation of the town, its geography and topography. Situation and opportunity are two important elements in any progress. The situation of Wilton in the geography of the State is most fortunate. It is in the way of the great highway below, to the gaps, notches and passes in the mountains above. This passage of the Souhegan river out of the town is at the lowest level of any land in Wilton. Here its waters attain their greatest volume and velocity. Every other point on its Eastern line is precepitous and steep, rising to an elevation of several hundred feet. This pass of the Souhegan is the gateway of the town on the East and the highway for the transit of travel and commerce, both above and below. Commerce always seeks and always finds the best avennes for transportation, and as no other similar valley is on Wilton's Eastern border there never will be a rival route, and East Wilton Village will always be on the main line of travel, threaded by the river. It is fortunate that this pass is midway between the north and south lines of the town. The waters of the region around and above uniting in this valley flow over the beds of your beautiful streams and furnish freshness, fertility and power. The railroad and highways are thronged, and the enterprises carried on here lead on to enlarged development.

Second. Another element is the enterprise of Wilton people, both native born and adopted. Opportunities lie all around, undeveloped, because not discovered. People walk over mines of gold, all unconscious of their nearness and accessibility. The resources of a region lie open, have been exposed to human view for years and yet not seen, when by and by some penetrating, forcible, plucky man makes a movement and opens the way for unexpected development of all the region. It matters not that his first impulse is personal benefit. Personal advancement is creditable. Some people call it selfishness. It is no more selfishness than that which moves a farmer to till his soil or a merchant to sell his goods. Personal benefit moves both. Every one is entitled to the benefit of his enterprise and foresight. If Mr. Blank produces a method heretofore unknown or takes up a line of business that no one before him discovered, by which he becomes rich, and all the region sells him its products, because he pays more and uses better than any other one, Mr. Blank becomes a public benefactor, even if his prime motive is personal benefit only. Mr. Blank is no more supposed to live for the people than the people to live for Mr. Blank. Their relations are mutual, and their rights in law and equity are equal. Advance business men, inventors, discoverers are a great advantage to the community at large. They open and conduct new enterprises to the benefit of all the people.

The oldest and one of the most notable in Wilton was the discovery which produced starch from potatoes in commercial quantities, by Ezra and Samuel Abbott in 1811, 78 years ago, when their first building was erected. One of the most emphatic illustrations of modern times by men Wilton born, is that of David Whiting & Sons. What they have done and what they are now doing is before your eyes. It is also fully set forth in your new history. Other men, native born and adopted are doing large and appropriate work worthy of all commendation. Compare Wilton with towns that

have few facilities and few men. A glance is sufficient to show your great advantages and I have no time to enlarge.

There must be stimulus to every enterprise. The most potential stimuli are the perception of a want, the example and success of other men and personal benefit. Different motives move different men in unequal degree. One man is most moved to invention and discovery by the riches he hopes to win, another by love of discovery and construction, another by the credit and renown of success, another to give development to ingenuity and to another the faculty is intuitive and he cannot refrain. Such a man has great delight in new fields. There is an impulse that carries him onward and he takes pleasure in new sensations. To unravel a difficult, unsolved problem in nature or art is to him a thrill of delight. Sensations tingle to the most distant nerves in his system. When all these motives combine in one man and he moves in a new field of undiscovered possibilities, coupled with discretion, ability and persistency, great riches, great renown and large benefit to mankind are the result. Thomas A. Edison, still a young man, is a most striking example of the present day. His fortune is said to be $12,000,000, and Italy made him a Count last month. The same may be said of Alexander Graham Bell and might have been said of Prof. F. B. Morse. Fifty years ago the dimly perceived field was agriculture. Now the illuminated field is electricity. And these examples are but pebbles gathered on the hither shore of infinite possibilities in invention. There are more in the future than have yet been developed. A great change has come over the public estimate of inventive men. Fifty years ago it was common to call inventors and patentees visionary men of little or no account and patents valueless and unworthy of notice. It was customary to laugh and sneer at patents then. Patentees laugh now. It did not occur to the public that men must see before they could do. The want must be perceived, the method of supply discovered and the result produced by inventive men

before the public realized that such a want existed or could be remedied. But now the American public is quick to see and hearty to appreciate, in striking contrast to 50 or 100 years ago.

The history of John Abbot's inventions affords great interest and instruction. He invented the plan and process of making hand coal shovels, millions of which are in use to-day. There was a fortune in it, but he did not obtain it. Also a new style of paving blocks, used in vast quantities now. The new history mentions his motor and his factory at West Wilton for making farmers' hoes. A long chapter would be needed to tell all he did. The experiments of Ephraim Brown, my father, on threshing machines, in which he produced the identical conception of the machines of the present day, and missed only for want of more power to drive than one horse could furnish, thus losing to Wilton the credit of one of the most remarkable inventions of modern times, that in its present form and perfection threshes, cleans and puts in bags 2000 bushels of grain in one day with a single machine and more than 1,000,000,000 bushels in a year, would require another chapter. Lucinda Spaulding's invention of a seamless bag, woven like a web of cloth on a loom, to the production of which large factories are now devoted, would make another chapter. Proof of her invention, produced in court, settled a law suit and by it vast interests were determined and adjusted. There are probably others of the olden time besides the starch factory machinery. And during the last fifty years Wilton hand and brain have been busy and are busy still with vast possibilities for the future. But time does not permit me here to enlarge. There is enough to show that Wilton ingenuity has made its mark and stands well in the advance ranks of this inventive age.

In nature Wilton is a picturesque gem in a setting of magnificent beauty. Its hills with tops crowned with tilth and fields and woods and homes, their sides in gentle slopes basking in the bright shining of the sun, and covered with flocks and herds and abundant ver-

dure ; its valleys with sparkling waters bathing the feet of the declivities to their margins ; the springs and fountains, brooks and waterfalls and the flowing rivers on every hand, give to Wilton scenery variety, beauty and magnificence, scarcely equaled anywhere in the old world or the new. The variety in the rolling hills is pleasing to the eye and suggestive of Elysian fields of exquisite loveliness. This beautiful picture, on the North and West, is bordered by distant mountains, constituting the horizon. That horizon is unsurpassed in scenic beauty. From whatever elevation or valley it is seen it invites contemplation and commands admiration. Other horizons may be more extended, but none are more beautiful. From every hill top of Wilton, the morning sun pouring its radiant light into this crescent sweep of lofty mountains on the North and West, lighting up their distant sloping sides with soft and rosy hues, bringing out into distinct vision every beetling crag, every prominent elevation, revealing the serrated semicircle of thirty miles extent, its inclines covered with forests, fields, pastures and dotted with many happy and beautiful homes, suggests the blessed abodes of peace, purity, love and repose. The view is exquisitely beautiful and commands reverence and adoration by its extent and grandeur. The eye can command it, the mind can grasp it and the soul delight in it. Who standing on Wilton hills sweeps the North and West, glances towards the South, pierces the most distant East, and then looks up into the heavens, is not ready to exclaim with the psalmist, "Great and marvelous are Thy works in wisdom and beauty hast Thou made them all!" The counterpart of all this beauty, with multiplied beauties added, is most emphatically suggested while enjoying the raptures of this survey. These mountains invite our buoyant feet. If so beautiful to look upon what are they to look from? Bryant sang:

"Thou, who would'st see the lovely and the wild
Mingled, in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops,
The beauty and majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way."

Scott sang the beauties of Scottish scenery, and others have described the loftier Alps, and people travel far and admire the picturesque and grand in nature, but while there are views from higher altitudes and of greater extent, there are none of richer and more attractive character than our beautiful Wilton and the lofty mountains at whose feet it lies, affords. People, tired of city life, wishing retirement and repose have come to these hills and established either permanent or summer homes. They have erected beautiful mansions that are ornamental to the town, and in the future there will probably be many more. Each establishment of this kind will influence to the planting of others, and your town is favorably situated to become an extensive summer resort because of its nearness to the manufacturing and commercial centres, its excellent railroad facilities, its abundant and flowing waters, its healthful climate, its lofty and beautiful elevations and its unsurpassed landscape scenery.

The eloquent oration of Dr. Peabody and the fervid words of other speakers, 50 years ago, portrayed the fathers of the first century in the most emphatic terms and in vivid colors, as men every way worthy of love and veneration. They were men broad and deep in their views and plans of life, intellectual, thoughtful, serious and earnest. They were religious and moral men, who believed in the first commandment of the law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy might," and in the second which is like unto it, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." They felt and acknowledged this accountability, were faithful to all the claims of conscience and acknowledged no master

but God. They could not bow down to kingly dictation nor creep beneath the demands of unrecognized authority. They looked upon every man as equal in the sight of God, and as a brother to be beloved. They were moral and upright men, ready to do as they would that other men should do unto them, and yet with that keen sense of justice and that boldness to enforce the right which comes of true independence. They never trifled with the serious things of life nor let pass opportunities for doing good. They were aggressive men, seizing the opportunities that passed before them, and making for themselves opportunities where other men could discover no open way. They were men whose spiritual life was patterned after the patriarchs, and yet moulded and tempered by the sweet peaceful influences of the Prince of Peace. Patriotism was a glowing fire in their hearts that never could be quenched. Life might be sacrificed, want and toil and death endured, but the flames of patriotic sentiment and emotion burned brightly while life was possessed and were not lost in death. Not only did they live for themselves and their day but they lived and labored for those who should follow. They planted institutions for their own use, but whose foundations were laid deep in the purposes of their Maker, which endure to this day and will endure to the end of time. They labored and we have entered into their labors.

These portraits of the early fathers of the first century are also the true likenesses of the fathers of its later portion, and who opened the period of our second century, the middle period of which we this day celebrate. Those of us who are ranked as the old men now were young men fifty years ago, and we have vivid remembrances of the elderly and middle aged men who were on the stage of active life then. They were the worthy descendants of worthy fathers. Not one iota of the grand characteristics of the early fathers was wanting in the later fathers of the first century and the commencement of the second. Could it be possible to meas

ure any differences it would be found that in the aggregate there had been an advance. The opportunities which the old fathers had created brought to the later fathers an heritage of precept, example and attainment that gave advantages not enjoyed in the first half of the first century. In a certain measure the successors began where their predecessors ended. if not in intention and purpose it was in possession and attainment

Fifty years ago Wilton had men. They were men who were the peers of any other community of men anywhere. In the mention here of families which were then prominent nothing is intended to be invidious to any others not mentioned. It is the glory of our republic that the way is broad and wide open for individuals and families to rise from obscure beginnings and to stand in some quality or in many qualities on the pinnacle of progressive development. In the course of nature and in the march of time some who stood at the summit slide below, and again in the cycles succeeding they with others mount to the apex, and thus like the rolling sea the movement goes on, the individual families changing like the waves, but the community like the ocean always the same. And so it was in 1839, prominent and revered names come before us, and some of them were on the stage until a recent date and a few are now. Abbott, Whiting, Parkhurst, Newell, Wilson, Gray, Brown, Smith, Jones, Steele, Blanchard, Keyes, Livermore, King, Kimball, Mansur, Stevens, Putnam, Parker, Sheldon, Rockwood, Holt, Hutchinson, Dascomb, French, Emerson, Pettengall, Barrett, Burton, Whittemore, Bales, Batchelder, Lovejoy, Spaulding with others, were men on whom the mantle of the early fathers fell, and up to whom we, who are now old men, used to look with respect and reverence, akin and equal to that which the early fathers had inspired. In general men are like men in all times. It is customary to speak of early fathers as superior to later fathers. The differences are chiefly and only in the minds of the observers. When in childhood and

youth we measure our immaturity against the maturity of grown up men and they seem gigantic to us. In person, influence, mental power, ability and position they seem and are our superiors. But when the observers come to full maturity the personal standard of self, which we use as the scale by which to measure old men of our youth, has greatly enlarged without being perceived by us, and the men that towered above us years ago are only equals now, and instead of looking up we look down or on their level, and mistake the difference as a decline in other men or families when it is only growth of ourselves. "Distance lends enchantment to the view" of humanity equally as emphatically as to events or scenery. It is a common thing to attribute to the early fathers qualities and excellencies in excess of the later fathers. It is an unjust comparison due only to misconception. All were alike, noble men, and bore their burdens in life with equal fidelity and ability and should alike command our respect and reverence. And so it will be as we pass on. The children that look upon us as venerable and large to-day will by and by see us or think of us as uncommon men, and in their turn they will pass on and be subjected to the same estimate of the young.

The fathers of 1839 were the worthy descendants of the fathers of 1739 and 1789. They were men who had the rich experience of one hundred years of self government. The town meeting was their school and their town officers and representatives were their schoolmasters. They closely studied the great social, religious and governmental questions of the day. They understood the relations between town and state, legislature and executives, the judiciary and the people. They studied the great questions of national government, the town's relations to the country and the country's duty to its people. They were schooled in the tariff, ready in the relations and benefits of commerce and trade and well understood the law of nations. They were patriotic to the core. In 1842 the commander

of the Miller Guards offered to serve his country in the expected war with England relative to the North Eastern boundary, and again in the last great struggle with the South for union. They watched with jealous care every invasion of the rights of freemen or of country and stood ready to march at the country's call. They were the sires of that noble band of 119 Union soldiers that rushed from Wilton at the country's call in 1861 to 1864, too many of whom, alas, never returned. Both blood and treasure were freely given in the country's need. Our country can never be conquered while such men exist. Education with the fathers of 1839 was held to be a potential element in elevating the people and raising the state and the country. Schools flourished at home, and many sons and daughters sought knowledge abroad. They became teachers at home and were called to schools elsewhere. The educational standard was high and universal, and Wilton's people were noted wherever known for advancement, intelligence and personal accomplishment. A. A. Livermore, Abiel Abbot, George L. Dascomb, James Dascomb, Joseph C. Barrett, Lubim B. Rockwood David Morgan, George Brown, Sanford King, Charles F. King, Wm. A. Richardson and others, and many daughters of the town have stood in the teacher's place and led the young upon the hill of science and in the paths of morality and religion.

The fathers of the latter part of the last century entered upon the study of new questions in theology, religious living and church government, and the old unity of religious faith and practice became divided into four separate organizations each maintaining its own church and clergy, that thus while divided in beliefs and forms they might be united in freedom of worship according to conscience and the privileges and blessings of civil and social life. Each denomination called pastors of its own specific belief, and the people maintained at large expense three or four, where one only had formerly held the pastoral office for all the town. These separate organiza-

tions were the result of advance thought in every direction—in those who held to the old and in those who held to the new. Those of the old studied and reviewed their own beliefs more intently than ever before and were more and more firmly fixed in their faith, and those of the new discovered new light and new truth, which they rested upon as essential to salvation. It was the agitation which comes of progress and time has proved the effectivness of the great upheaval and the advancement that it brought to the people. Because of it there was deeper thinking and holier living. It was discovered that religious truth is infinite as its author and that in its varied and unlimited presentations were unfolded that divine wisdom, that fills and satisfies the wants of the hungry soul. In the gradual breaking of this light our fathers discovered the unity of man in God, and that variations in views of him and his relations to his creatures were but different colorings of the same eternal truth. Differences of belief fifty years ago sometimes produced exclusiveness in social, political and religious life of the people, and the clergy sometimes partook of or indulged in the sentiment. But later there came a flowing together of the hearts of the people, and each pastor in ministering to his own flock recognized every other pastor as God's minister and his own brother. There has never been any other agency so potent in stimulating the mental, moral and spiritual life of Wilton people as the religious agitations of sixty years ago. By it men were brought into a closer study of religious truth and into beliefs and decisions that formed the bases of life, character and conscience. For sixty years Wilton people have enjoyed the benefits of this advancement, and it is believed will forever maintain it. Instead of six or seven churches being to the moral, mental, and spiritual disadvantage of the people they are its most uplifting agency, for that people that sacrifices most in worship will be lifted highest in life and character.

Agriculture, dairying and kindred interests have much advanced

in fifty years. The improved methods of farm work, of transportation, the better markets and the quickening impulses of trade and manufactures have carried Wilton forward far beyond and above its condition fifty years ago. Let us glance into centuries to come. The progress will not stop here. Vast resources remain to be developed. Wilton's agricultural possibilities have not yet reached their culmination. They may be doubled. New products will be taken from its soil; its productive power will be doubled. There will be better tilth and wider acreage of fertile lands. That time has already begun. Its pace is slow. There was not a mowing machine, nor harvester, nor horse rake, nor tedder, nor horse hay fork, nor sulky plow in existence when I left my farm 44 years ago. These and other inventions and better markets are slowly working out this improved condition, and it will go on. A time is coming when the conditions of our country and its people will be much like the conditions of the old world to-day; crowded populations, low wages, excess of human labor wanting work and bread, creating a demand for all the products of our soil and skill. We who are living in the bright glorious morning of our country's life have never realized how plentiful and superabundant are our opportunities in contrast with the conditions over the sea. Here, to rise is easy, there, hard. The happiest conditions of a people are when and where their appointments are fresh with the ruddy glow of youth, when growing with plenty of room to grow. Our country is new. We are a new people. It is yet morning; the noon is far away. May its approach be slow. Before it comes necessity will compel the reclamation of our waste lands and the making our improved lands more productive. The soil of England, Scotland, Germany and France, of all Europe, was originally much like ours of New England, rocky, hard, barren. Necessity compelled its improvement. The movable rocks have been sunk below the touch of the plow, and the soil tilled and enriched until cattle roll in clover over soil one to three feet deep.

In time it will become so here. Such tillage is possible. It will be a step but little beyond that of fifty years ago compared with the present. The mowing machine demanded smooth fields. They were produced, and so fertile, deep soil will be produced. Seventy bushels of wheat to the acre have been raised in England. Thirty-three have been raised in Wilton in sight of this village. The average in the United States is less than twenty. The great West has created a flood tide of migration from New England and many farms here have been abandoned, to the present loss and disadvantage of this region. But a change will come in due time. In nations, not semi-centennials, but eons of great length are the periods with which to deal. Not fifty, but hundreds and thousands of years are our data, and in forecasting the future by these we may discover what our land will be. In time the great West will become full to overflowing, and the tide will set back and cover New England as never before. Abandoned lands will be taken up again and fields and gardens and homes will flourish until all valleys and all hills become fruitful fields, giving life and joy to teeming populations, happy, but not happier than the present. A dense population is the ultimate destiny of New England, and nearer at hand than most imagine. Perhaps you smile at this prediction and picture. Further on you will discover the advancing hosts. Before that time just mentioned comes there are other interests that will be developed into more immediate results and will be ready to join and unite to make our beautiful Wilton still more beautiful and prosperous.

The greatest, undeveloped, immediate possibilities of Wilton are in its vast unoccupied water powers now running to waste. Less than half our power is in use to-day. Here is Wilton's immediately possible gold mine. Unlike the slow and tedious work of making over its soil here may be quick development and rich returns. The recent discovery of electric transmission of power adds vast importance to your cascades. Power from any and every water-fall may

be carried like sound on electric wires and collected and used at any other point in town. Build dams on every stream, put in turbine water wheels, drive dynamos to generate electricity, flash that electricity to this village, apply it to its appropriate work in driving machinery, and you can have what has not been looked for, a city in these hills. The large manufacturing concerns here now are doing their appropriate work to build you up. But they are not equal to half your opportunities. On some beautiful elevations, even in the centre of the town, on your highest hills, in your valleys or plains, and especially in this village, new factories can be built or the old ones enlarged to be run by your water powers miles away. Concentration has such advantages that I look for the development, when it comes, in the vicinity of this village. The Pettingill dam is already built and the wheel pit made by nature. Two or three more dams are possible before reaching the bridge above and several more to Greenville line. The dams need not be expensive ones, only enough to turn the water into canals on the river banks, till when at a proper level and in good positions the turbines can be set above and away from freshets and ice, the only buildings needful being for protection from the weather and intruders. Much of the time, only one man would be needed to care for all the turbines and dynamos, on any one of the large streams by daily visits. Gates opened and shut by electricity can be operated at every turbine in the system by the gate man at the central station, and if any turbine stops or if there is anything wrong an electric wire, and an audophone will flash the news to headquarters at once. Thus the power of all these wheels collected upon one wire would come down to this village. Water power in neighboring towns above may be switched on, and its electric force from towns below may be sent up the stream for your use. The first bridge below Pine Valley affords a fifty-horse power fall, and so on down through Milford, Amherst and Merrimack to Merrimack River. Greenville from Wilton line

to Chamberlin's Mills, Temple and Lyndeborough to the Monadnocks are full of unoccupied water powers, dancing invitations over the rocks, each singing, "Put me to work, I am ready, I am willing."

The Souhegan river in Wilton falls approximately 283 feet. Pine Valley, Newell, Colony and Davis Mills at the bridge, on my old farm, utilize 88 feet of the fall and derive therefrom, 560 horse-power, leaving 195 feet fall not utilized, but capable of producing 1231 horse-power at turbines and deducting 20 per cent. for loss, 985 more available horse power by electricity in this village. I repeat 560 horse-power in use, 985 not in use, available in this village. In as much as Gombol Brook and Rocky Brook empty their waters into the Souhegan, I have treated them as affluents, whose united waters make the Souhegan volume of water equal throughout the town, and this hasty and unsurveyed estimate does not include any powers over or outside Wilton's lines, and which amount to some hundreds more horse-power. If it is urged that water fails in summer, I answer, what do your great mills do now in summer? Fifty dams above here will constitute a great storage basin, each supplying the other below without the dangers attendant on gigantic Conomaugh barricades and Johnstown valley devastations. Electric transmission of power is having wonderful development. Since the foregoing was written I have received the last Scientific American. It says electric plants now running number 3351, horse power 459-495, increase of capital invested the last six months $42,210,000. Forty-nine new electric railroads were being built last February. In a few years the cost of building such a system will be very much less than now. Royalties on dynamos and motors will expire, the cost of construction be reduced, improved appliances be invented and experience gained. Young men of Wilton here is opportunity at home. I here declare it to be my belief, as at present informed, that developing this enterprise is relatively a less undertaking to-day

than was the establishing the starch industry 78 years ago and better worthy of your enterprise and capital than any gold, silver, copper, coal or oil mine in the world. Your capital and its results will remain in Wilton. Wilton, you have the possibilities; I think you have the men. And before fifty years again roll around this system will here be in practical operation. There is no other town in Hillsborough county where all things combine, in location, rivers and people more fully to make this development a complete success. And you will not have to work alone. I wrote to the Thompson, Houston Motor Company, whose office is in Boston and whose works are in Lynn and whose stock of par value of $106 a share, recently was reported selling at over $200 a share, and in answer I received this letter:

ABSTRACT OF THOMPSON-HOUSTON LETTERS.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 15, 1889.

In reply to your favor of 9th inst.: we have for some time past been giving attention to the transmission of water power in the way you mention for Wilton. If you will give us the horse-power and the distances of the various water powers from the village, we will be pleased to give an estimate of the cost of the machinery and apparatus, for effectually meeting the demands. And what is more, should local capitalists become interested to move in this scheme and make things look feasable we should be pleased to take hold of it with them and push it to successful completion. We are desirous of getting a few plants of this kind in this part of the country.

One of the great secrets of the wonderful prosperity and growth of Worcester, Mass., since 1849, when its population was only 8000, to the present day, when its population is over 70,000, an increase of 62,000 people in 40 years, is or was the establishing vast buildings and steam power, in which rooms and power were let to young

mechanics, old mechanics, small concerns, to carry on small enterprises and manufactures, until in their growth, plants of their own were created, and thus all the region in every direction is humming with industries, and the rooms first occupied have new occupants following in the footsteps of the first, and thus the round goes on. Think for a moment what 500 good mechanics with their families and workmen would do for Wilton. The possibilities to double or triple your population and prosperity are here under your feet in the grand water powers that nature has so bounteously given you. What they have cost you in their mad rush to the sea, they will repay over and over again when harnessed to your machinery. Again I say, Wilton you have the possibilities; I think you have the men. When all these advantages are in sucessful operation and your town has as many thousand people as it now has hundreds there will be no occasion for any son of Wilton soil to say when he comes to the old home after long years of absence, as was once said of some town. somewhere, "I see the old mountains, the old sweet hills are here, the deep valleys have not changed and the springs and brooks and rivers roll on—all as it was in my boyhood—but, where are the men?" Men, men are born here! Keep them here!

Our nation's heritage is in the continent of North America. A nation must have a place. Adam had Eden. Abraham had Palestine. Our ancestors had England. We have America. In the nation's growth, in our country's advancement we have an interest that cannot be divorced. We are equal co-partners with every other municipality. A town is a member of the nation as certainly as a child is a member of a family. If one member suffers, all the other members suffer with it. Has the nation grown within the last fifty years? First, its landed possessions. Fifty years ago the United States of America had 1,786.159 square miles of land. Since then we have acquired Texas, New Mexico, California and Alaska. 1,729,841 square miles more of land, making our landed estate to

day 3,517,000 square miles. Our territory has doubled in the last fifty years, since our centennial in 1839. Do we realize the vastness of this possession? The whole of Europe is but little larger. It is 2,240,000,000 acres. It is 22,400,000 one hundred acre lots. The whole of Wilton is 190 one hundred acre lots. All New England is 360,422 such lots. There are of this heritage 1,500,000 square miles of fertile lands, rich for cultivation. These will all at no distant day bloom and glow with "Tilth and herds and swarming roads." These 1,500,000 square miles of rich lands will make 9,800,000 fertile, one hundred acre farms. The fertile lands of China, the most populous nation on the globe, are only about half as much. Our fertile lands are 142,000 square miles more than the whole of China. Our lakes cover more square miles than the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. Their shore line is more than 3,450 miles. We have 80,000 miles of navigable river banks. The whole of Europe has only 34,000. The Mississippi and its branches have 35,000 miles of navigation. A steam boat may pass from the Gulf of Mexico on our land, North and Northwesterly, 3,900 miles. Our mineral and timber lands are 2,017,000 square miles of land. They are inexhaustable and to a large extent inhabitable. They abound in the useful and precious metals. Iron, coal, copper, tin, bismuth, aluminum, sodium, potassium, gold and silver are found in vast quantities. The gold and silver mined in the United States in the last nine years amount to $736,127,000. The gold and silver production of the world in 1887 was $226,173,000, of which the United States produced $87,357,000. The production of all the remainder of the world was only once and six-tenths as much as that of the United States. The ratio of all our other mining interests compared with the whole world is nearly the same as for gold and silver.

By the census of 1700, our territory was 820,000 square miles in extent, only one-fourth of the present, and our population was

3,929,827, call it 4,000,000. In 1840 the period was 50 years, and our territory had become 1,837,159 square miles, or double, and our population was 17,069,453. It had quadrupled, and a million and a third more in fifty years. The period again to the present time is 50 years and our territory is 3,517,000 square miles or doubled again and our population is 70,000 000, again quadrupled and 2,000,000 more, 16 fold in 100 years. Our population has quadrupled each fifty years since the American Revolution. This ratio of population is suprising, both in its magnitude and constancy. More than that it is alarming, alarming in its results and consequences. Forecast the next two periods of fifty years each and what do we see by this quadruple ratio? Half an hour ago I spoke of advancing hosts, and here they are in sight, to the prophetic eye. Fifty years from now, in 1939, our population will be 280,000,000, which some of this audience will see. One hundred years from now, in 1989, our population will be 1,120,000,000, equal to three-fourths the total population of the globe to-day. Perhaps the Wilton child is born that will see that day. Mrs Sarah A. Holt lived to be 103 years old, a Wilton resident. Mrs. Dr. John Putnam, whom I remember in my childhood, had 100 birth days. She was born in Wilton, daughter of Edward Herrick. Mrs. Lucinda (Sawtelle) Fletcher, born in Wilton in 1788, celebrated her hundreth birth day, Aug. 29, 1888.

The United States now have nineteen people to each square mile of land; China has 270; Belgium 343. By the ratio since the Revolution, in 100 years, the United States will have 318 to the square mile. Wilton now has 72, and in 100 years from now, at half the ratio for the whole country, the population of Wilton will be 7,200. Wilton doubled, nearly, in the last fifty years, and that is quadruple in 100 years, and the present population, 1800, quadrupled is 7,200, only half the ratio for the whole country. But when that

tidal wave of population sets back over New England, the rate of increase will be more rapid than at any other period heretofore in the last 100 years of Wilton's history. Does any one here to-day say, "I do not wish to live here then!" He will not, but if alive then, where can he go? All the country will be equally full. His descendants, or somebody's descendants, will be here and will be here to stay. And all this in about 100 years from now. Glance, and shrink back from the view, into one period more of fifty years, which time will only be equal to the age of Wilton to-day, 150 years more, making 300 years from Wilton's first settlement, and the multitude no man can number, gathered from every tribe, kindred and nation under the sun. It will be three times the total population at any period on the earth since the world began. Room and food will fail, and this overwhelming invasion will be checked before that period arrives. But the billion, in 100 years, are in sight to the prophetic eye. Can they be fed? China feeds 360,000,000 on her 1,358,000 square miles, good and bad. This is 270 on each square mile. Belgium supports 343 on each square mile. At the same ratio as Belgium our 1,500,000 fertile lands will feed 514,500,000 people. And if our infertile lands can support a population only half that of Belgium there will be 344,907,000 more, making a total of 857,407,000 fed by the ratio of known countries. Or, again, if our population average on our 3,517,000 square miles, only the average of China, it will be 949,590,000. But if it equals Belgium in density it will be 1,206,331,000, and this is near the same stated a moment ago, that our population will be in 100 years, viz: 1,120,000,000 by the present ratio of increase. It seems incredible and impossible. But any school boy can cipher it out. The ratio is 16 fold in the last 100 years. Our population is 70,000,000, or near it. It is only to multiply 70,000,000 by 16, and the result is 1,120,000,000 population in these United States, in 100 years from now. It is equal to three-fourths of the total population of the globe to-day.

Will food fail then? Even if our soil can only produce enough for these, there will be no lack, for our manufactures and commerce will produce and procure from all parts of the world such vast supplies, that another population, perhaps half as large, will have a large abundance. If this be so, then our population seems likely to equal that of the globe to-day. If these numberless millions come, either in 100 years or 1000 years, the food will come in equal ratio, and there will be no want. "He openeth his hand and feedeth every living thing." Multitudes are our destiny. In whatever way we forecast the future, the prospect is more than a billion of people in our country in 150 years to come by the ratio of the 150 years just elapsed. Nor is this time long. I am not a very old man. I feel like a young man. But add my age to that of my venerable mother, now living, and the sum is 162 years. Dr. Parr of England lived to be 152 years old. Your children's children will see that day.

Will wealth be correspondingly increased? The world has never before seen or produced a people whose capacity and opportunity for acquiring wealth is equal to ours. Our resources of raw material are not likely to be exhausted while the world endures. What we can produce over and above what we can consume will find ready and profitable markets in all parts of the world. Raw material will also be imported, to be wrought up and increased in value many fold, by the labor of our hand and brain, and then exported, and thus, like night and day, the ceaseless round will run to the end of time. Our increase in wealth is vastly more rapid than in land and population. In 1830 the total wealth of the United States was less than $1,000,000,000. Sixty years have elapsed and our total wealth is $56,000,000,000. The ratios are amazing. Ponder them! The ratio of land is 4 fold, of population 16 fold, of wealth 56 fold. The world as never before is waking from its lethargic sleep of 6,000 years, and the morning light is breaking to usher in a new and bet-

ter era for the advancement and happiness of the human race. The United States stands in the morning dawn, like youthful giants, impatient to grasp and possess the opportunity and the prize. And that we can grasp and possess the prize is certain. Besides the resources of abundant lands, raw material, water, steam and electric power and plenty of room, (for the present), the American people have two qualifications that no other people have ever possessed in equal degree.

The first is that ingenuity which applies means to ends. Europe is as much amazed at our fertility in invention as at our land, seas and growth in population. The forty years just passed may be called the inventive age My first patent, taken in 1854, is numbered about 8,000. Thirty-five years have passed, and the patents in 1889 are numbered about 409,000, over 400,000 patents taken in the United States in 35 years. The greatest stimulus that any government ever placed before its people, for developing mental power, is Patent Rights in Inventions and protection of authorship. The greatest progress that any people has ever made is through the agency of Patent Rights in inventions and discoveries. The greatest boon to mankind, in bringing relief from exhausting toil, in supplying abundance and in cheapening the cost of every comfort of life is patented machinery. The fifty years just passed has been more productive of wonderful inventions and discoveries than any one thousand years of the previous history of the world. There have come up ocean steamships, ocean cables, electric lighting, electric telegraph, electro plating, spectroscope, spectrum analysis, telephones, audiphones, microphones, phonograph, photography, street railways, elevated railways, coal oil, kerosene, natural gas, analine colors, steam fire engines, chemical fire extinguishers, anesthetics, painless surgery, gun cotton, nitro glycerine, dynamite, giant powder, rock rend, aluminum, magnesium, pneumatic tubes, electro motors, electric bells, electric railroads, electric transmission

of power, type writing, cheap postage, vestibule cars, steam heating, steam elevators, cantilever bridges, harvesters, mowing machines and more than 400,000 other patented inventions, some of them of very great importance. The threshing machine created the demand for the reaper. That created the demand for the gatherer. The two united made the demand for the winnowing attachment, that for the bagging, that for the tying and many other smaller parts, so that now a Western harvester with 25 men and 20 horses passes over a 5,000 acre wheat field, reaps, gathers, threshes, winnows, bags, ties the mouth and throws it off for other men and teams to gather and transport from the field. The next great agricultural invention is the steam plough. Patented inventions are what have so reduced the cost and so increased the comforts and elegances of life. More are to come. The world is not half invented this day. What will the next fifty years produce?

The second great qualification for grasping and possessing the great prize is the tireless activity of the people. People who had the hardihood to leave all for conscience sake, as did the Pilgrim fathers, transmitted to their children and to their children's children a heritage of potential force, heretofore unknown in the history of the world. Our people stand in the fore front of all progress. We grasp it, we embrace it, we accomplish it, and holding it, the victory is ours. Moral and political forces are at work as never before. There is yet much to be done. Moral forces have not fully kept pace with physical. The most apparent great need of the country to-day is the suppression of intemperance. Make drunkenness as infrequent as theft and as closely subject to similar penalties. Put the manufacture and traffic in intoxicants as a beverage under the same restrictions, and faithfully execute judgment and punishment thereon, and a new Era would be ushered in. The most potent agency for the suppression of this evil, in almost all the states of the Union, has never been used. The remedy will not

come until it is used. That agency is the ballot in the hands of women. People treat this now as they treated patents and emancipation fifty years ago. The indications are larger than a man's hand over the sea. The flood of reform in suffrage is nearer at hand than the billion in population. Emancipation began its agitation in 1830 and was accomplished in 1860. Suffrage for women began actively in 1860, and we may look for its establishment in many states on or before 1920, and that is thirty years to come. It will not require an ark of 120 years in building, nor an ark of refuge. It will itself be an ark of refuge for the weak and unfortunate. It is based on common sense and truth, and truth is mighty and will prevail. The quality of things made depends on the quality of the things used. Imperfection in the stock will give imperfection in the product. Our laws are partial and imperfect because the law-makers are partial and imperfect. The highest morality of our land does not cast the ballot. If any one urges that women are as drunken and criminal as the men, and men who vote, take the questioner to our courts and prisons and ask him why it is that here are 10 men to 1 woman, and then ask him why it is that nine-tenths of the degraded women are made so, by degraded men. Women by instinct are more refined, more pure and more true in all that relates to good government, morality and religion than men. Church memberships prove it. Courts and prisons prove it. Your own observations and experiences prove it. Here are great reasons why she should vote with men for the law-makers and rulers of the land. She is under law, subject to law, and oftentimes a victim of law, and yet not permitted to have a hand in making law. Here is subjection, taxation and suffering without representation. Is there any more reason for punishing women under laws that men have made, than for punishing men under laws that women have made? "Put yourself in her place." Is she not as human, reasonable, intellectual, responsible, conscientious and merciful as men? All the signs of the times point

to a great extension of suffrage and a purer ballot, because of a purer constituency. Wilton people have never been behind in great reforms, nor will they be in this. Men of Wilton will you give it? Women of Wilton will you accept it?

Our beautiful town enters upon the latter half of its second century under most pleasing prospects. In the retrospects afforded us to-day we see what Wilton was fifty years ago, and all about us are to be seen what Wilton is. These thriving industries invite to more. They seem to be ten fold greater than in 1839. The population is nearly doubled. The establishment of this vast milk industry here, by sons of her soil, is one of her greatest advantages. It is greatly to her honor and profit. The entire region, from which is collected this great and important dairy product is contributing to your advancement. The advantage is a mutual one concentrated here, but widely distributed above and below As your flowing rivers gather the rain and dew that hasten on to the great and wide sea, and leave their freshness, use and beauty as they roll or ripple along your banks, so this industry gathers this life-saving product from regions wider than your waters, transmits and transmutes, within your own borders, to your own benefit, and conveys the life giving and life-sustaining product, to be distributed over the great and wide sea of humanity below. Wilton is doubly blessed in these waters of the heavens and in the flowing dairy products of the everlasting hills. Wilton's prospects were never brighter than they are to day, and the next fifty years are full of promise. She has the opportunities and she has the men, and as the forefathers have never been found wanting, so their children and their children's children will fulfill the purposes of their being and honor the life and character of the patriarchs who have gone before. Fifty years hence there will be a new history. Your speaker will find richer fields, more absorbing themes and glowing words. Wilton and Wilton people I bid you a Happy New Semi-Centennial and wish you many more.

Mr. Burns.—Wilton has been most fortunate in the character of its residents. It has had many families of culture and stability. Among the most honored and reputable is that of Abbot, and this family is most worthily represented on this occasion in the person of Rev. Dr. Francis Abbot who will read an original poem written for this anniversary.

OUR FATHERS.

BY FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT, PH. D.

How wide the ancient homestead throws its door,
How friendly nod the elms on either side,
With what warm welcome up the chimney roar
The flames that blaze and dance in festal pride,
When glad THANKSGIVING comes!
From where the mountains lift their peaks in air,
From where the ocean breaks on beach or rock,
From hills, plains, towns, brave sons and daughters fair
Here to their childhood's haunts together flock
From far off, scattered homes.

Forgotten now the witcheries of the world,
Forgotten now the eager quest and strife,
Ambition's prizes in the arena hurled,
Fame, fashion, power, the tinselled gauds of life,
The fierce, mad hunt for gold!
To-day far other thoughts their souls engage—
Boyhood's delights and girlhood's happy dreams—
Young life, too gay to have a care for age,
And budding hope, absorbed in that which seems—
Thoughts of the days of old—

Thoughts of the days when sleepless love and care
Tended each step of heedless tiny feet,

Trained the young mind to learn, to know, to dare,
  Trained the young soul, in awe and reverence meet,
    To worship and to work:
These are the thoughts that fill each swelling heart,
  Now that New England's holiest day arrives,
For now the grown-up children, long apart,
  Return to re-unite their sundered lives
    Where tenderest memories lurk.

For look, behold! The venerated Sire,
  With silvery locks and pleased, benignant smile,
Seated in honored age beside the fire,
  And full of wise and gracious words the while,
    Greets each one with delight,
Clasps, palm to trembling palm, his bearded sons,
  Folds close his matron-daughters to his breast,
Forgets they are not still his little ones,
  And blesses each dear child as aye he blessed,
    And thanks God for the sight.

And look, behold! Though her mute tongue conceals,
  As o'er her faded cheek the color flits,
The pride that in her noble brood she feels,
  Beside the Sire the aged Mother sits,
    Fragile and worn and weak,
Too full of holy joy to utter now
  The thoughts that in her grateful bosom rise:
Yet Heaven's own peace is on her gentle brow,
  The light of love maternal in her eyes—
    The love that none can speak.

What visions float before them as they gaze,—
  Visions of patient watching in the night,
Visions of pious nurture all the days,
  Visions of gentle guidance to the right
    And warning from the wrong,—
Visions of love that childish sins forgot,

From graver sins of youth still sought to save,
And sins of riper years remembered not,
But grieved, and prayed, and evermore forgave,
And suffered late and long!

How thrill the gazing offspring at the sight,
What sacred memories their spirits stir!
Here, in the ancient home's all-holy light,
They gaze at her, at him,—at him, at her,—
God-crowned with peace and years;
And, though sweet music in their grateful souls,
Sweet as the voice of brooks or song of birds,
Upward in hymns of joy and reverence rolls,
The love they feel is all too great for words,
And overflows in tears.

Even so, dear Wilton, Mother of our Race!
Proud of thy hundred and thy fifty years,
And prouder yet of thy immortal grace,
That still forever young and fresh appears,
Thy children flock to thee:
To thee, rejoicing in thy length of days,
From North and South, from East and West they come,
To bring glad hearts of gratitude and praise,
And hold Thanksgiving in the ancient home,
On this thy Jubilee.

Ah, some there were, who loved thee passing well,
Whose hearts would glow to greet this festal day;
Yet they no more their grateful tale shall tell
As once they told it,—they have passed away,
And onward roll the spheres.
But thou, O Mother of our Race, who must
Through ages live, unconscious of the tomb,
Thou harborest holy graves and precious dust,
And to thy Jubilee thy wanderers come,
Rejoicing, yet with tears.

Guard thou the memories of thy noble dead,
Treasure the simple records of their worth,
Hand down their story, which, like daily bread,
Shall feed young virtue, and renew the birth
Of all that saves the State:
So shall thy fame grow glorious age by age,
And civic conscience pass from sire to son,—
So shall thy name be bright on history's page,
And win the fair renown which all have won
Whose work and worth are great.

'Tis love of these that brings us here to-day,
That modest names may be with honor crowned:
Thy thronged Thanksgiving now is proud and gay,
Because our Fathers aye were faithful found
In thought, in word, in deed.
O Wilton, sacred name to all thy sons,
Revere the men who, at stern Duty's call,
Heard not the howl of wolves or roar of guns,
But heard the voice of conscience, still and small,—
The grand New England breed!

Not mine the moving tale to tell
How heroes faced their dangers well,
Feared not the deadly ambuscade,
The whoop that night terrific made,
Nor yet the scarce less awful howl
Of savage beasts that nightly prowl,
Nor yet grim hardship, pain, and want,
Sickness and cold and famine gaunt,
But cleared the forests, tilled the soil,
Drove from their haunts the wolf and bear,
Founded their homes in honest toil,
And founded next their house of prayer.

Nor mine to praise the glorious deed
Of those who felt their country's need,

Refused to pay the tyrant's tax,
Flung on the ground the hoe and axe,
Kissed weeping child and fainting wife,
Counted as dross the joys of life,
Shouldered the musket, sought the war,
And died from home and love afar.
These are thy nobles, country mine!
  These are thy more than lords and kings;
These are the men of strength divine
  From whom thy proudest lineage springs.

No—not for me the tale to tell
Of those who wrought, of those who fell:
'T is not for poet to rehearse,
Such deeds as these in mincing verse.
Such deeds as these, such men as those,
Demand the manlier mood of prose;
For truth, like beauty, unadorned,
Stands forth too glorious to be scorned.
No—let the words be words of fire,
  But stern as was that iron time:
I dare not, Hero-Men, aspire
  To tell *your* deeds in tinkling rhyme!

Beauty! Ah, beauty of the gladsome earth!
  Sweet Wilton, art thou not her haunt and home?
In thy fair valleys had she not her birth?
  From thy green woodlands has she learned to roam?
    Thy rocks and rugged hills,
    Thy cool and murmuring rills,
Thy proud Souhegan dashing down in foam,
    Thy woods and sunny glades,
    Thy mossy forest-shades,
Thy sailing clouds and blue, imperial dome,—
    If banished by her foes,
    Surely, to scenes like those
Beauty herself, in tears, would plead once more to come.

Ye who would know what beauty means,
Mount to the heights of Abbot Hill;
Mark the great landscape, scene of scenes,
Outstretched in glory, fair and still,
Where o'er the earth Heaven stoops and leans,
With deeper joy itself to fill.
Trace out, half seen, half lost, the road
That winds to yonder valley down,
Then climbs the hill-top, high and broad,
Where stands the "Middle of the Town,"—
Where stood the ancient house of God,
Beacon and guide, old Wilton's crown,
Till, like a martyr-form
Engulfed in fiery storm,
Perished the belfried tower in seas of flame,
And, spared all meaner doom,
In ashes and in gloom
Left still a blessed memory and name.
Then raise your eyes beyond, and mark
The mighty wall of mountains dark,
Looming on high in purple mist,
Their summits by the sunlight kissed,
Where Pack-Monadnock shuts the scene,
And grandeur lends to all between.
Aye, through the wide world seek
Where mountains, peak by peak,
Rear their long ranks against the sky,
And bound the empire of the eye:
Then scan yon long horizon of the West,
And this shall be its glory manifest—
Great Pack-Monadnock stands outvying all the rest.

Such majesty thy summits wear,
Fair Wilton, fairest of the fair!
But softer charms thou hid'st away
Where wandering footsteps seldom stray—
Where Nature, in her vestal grace,
Shrinks from men's eyes and veils her face,

Yet where, in sweet, bewitching spot,
She smiles, and finds a rival not.
'T was thus that, forty years ago,
Ere I had learned the world to know,
With beckoning smiles she welcomed me,
A dreamy child, as shy as she,
Led me apart, and showed me, wondering, then,
The lonely loveliness of Chestnut Glen.

O'er many a brown and jagged rock,
With laughter sweet and merry mock,
'Twixt banks with ferns and mosses set,
Leaped a light-hearted rivulet—
Leaped from the oozy heights beyond
Where slept the peaceful lily-pond.
But soon, with slower, soberer pace,
It rippled past my favorite place,
Kissing the roots of one huge tree,
A stately maple, fair to see,
That reared its ample head aloft,
A cloud of foliage thick and soft,
And for the little wanderer made
From sun too hot a shield and shade.
Hard by, three mighty chestnuts stood,
Three sovereigns of the solitude,
On whose gnarled boughs the squirrels fat
Chattered, and chirped, and fearless sat,
Held the ripe chestnuts in their paws,
Plied at their ease their saucy jaws,
And rattled down each empty shell,
Heedless on whom or what it fell,—
Then ran their races to and fro,
Eying the harmless child below;
While overhead, as black as night,
Flapping his wings in lazy flight,
When the wise crow the intruder saw,
He dropped a hoarse and startled "Caw!"

Warning his comrades in the wood,
And fled the perilous solitude.
Here sheltered safe the lifelong day,
What bliss to dream the hours away,—
To make a playmate of the brook,
Dallying in its favorite nook,
And singing softly as it fell
In tiny cataracts down the dell,—
To dip tired feet in waters cool
And dabble in the crystal pool,
While the blue-bottle hovered by,
Or darted swift the dragon-fly,
And while o'erhead those glorious trees
Rustled in every wandering breeze!

Alas, those royal shapes are gone,
Those woodland kings, save one alone,
And this, decrepit, broken, bare,
Rears but a mangled trunk in air.
Changed is the once so lovely scene;
The woodman's axe has busy been;
A farm-road ploughs the glen's fair side,
With dreary waste and havoc wide,
And oxen drag the creaking cart
O'er what was dear to one young heart.
So must it be—for what we prize
Melts like a cloud, and beauty dies;
Yet never, till my sun is set,
Shall I that winsome haunt forget,
The loveliest spot I e'er shall know,
My Chestnut Glen of long ago!

'Tis true that beauty dies,
Yet truer still that beauty lives forever;
The great world spins in everlasting skies,
And these shall perish never.

Nature is God's, and man
Shall ever find thee beautiful, sweet WILTON!
For truth and love and beauty are the plan
The universe is built on.

Cherish thy beauty, then,
The noblest wealth thy children can inherit;
Still stamp its seal upon thy stately men,
Thy women fair in spirit.

While Time's swift chariot rolls,
Man's life is thinker, worker, friend, and neighbor,
And God's own beauty shines in godlike souls
That spend themselves in labor.

Naught but the soul's life-plan
Sinks the deep gulf 'twixt Socrates and Nero:
'T is what he *is*, not *has*, that makes the man,
And what he *thinks*, the hero.

For majesty of mind,
Vigor of will and grace of feeling tender,
Glory of conscience, leaving all behind,—
These are the spirit's splendor.

And such in myriad ways—
Strong, thoughtful, brave, true, gentle, kind, and loyal—
Such were the Fathers whom we meet to praise:
This was their beauty royal.

Ah, deep the need to-day of men like these,
Massive and grand as their own forest trees,
Steadfast to serve whatever truth they saw,
Fixed to revere the majesty of law,
Blind to all dangers in the path they trod,
Deaf to all voices save the voice of God.

What though they were no wiser than their time,
Failed without guides Truth's loftier peaks to climb,
Scaled not the heights that rose the clouds beyond,
Broke not the spell of preconception's bond,
Foresaw not all the wonders of the new,
But left some noble work for us to do?
Nay, blame them not, unjust: the world lives long,
And each brief age is for its own task strong;
To each in turn great Nature much reveals,
From each in turn immensely more conceals.
Blame not the Fathers, who their light obeyed,
Yet our light could not see, if, as they prayed,
"More light" *has broken* from God's boundless book—
For man has learned with bolder eyes to look.
The eternal scriptures Science reads with awe,—
Discerns the workings of a vaster law
Than once men dreamed of, daring to behold
A truth diviner than was known of old.

Yet none the less is need profound
Of men like those from whom we sprang,
Men with the strength of manhood crowned,
Men swift of heart to heed the sound
Of Duty's trumpet-clang,
Gifted with scorn superb for hostile cries,
Fired with undying hate of tricks and lies,
Fearless alike of open enemies
And Treachery's serpent-fang,—
Men who, with faith serene and courage stout,
Though spies were thick within and foes without,
Took no weak counsel of their fear or doubt,
But, sending up to heaven their battle-shout,
Undazed in victory, unquelled in rout,
For God and freedom fought their battle out,
Till all the land with songs and hallelujahs rang.

We, too, have known the stress and strain,
The terror of the battle,
Have seen our country rent in twain,
Have felt her agony of pain,
And heard the musket rattle.

We, too, have seen how life-blood runs,
How War its victims gathers:
Midst shot and shell and roaring guns,
Thank God, our brothers and our sons
Proved worthy of the Fathers!

And, when the bleeding boys we loved
Looked mutely up to others,
By Heaven's own love and mercy moved,
Our sisters and our daughters proved
How worthy of the Mothers!

We, too, must serve, and work, and wait,
In higher warfare moral:
We, too, are set to build the State,—
Like polyps small in labors great,
To rear our reef of coral.

Again the Titans rise
To scale Olympian skies,—
To drive fair Freedom from her home
And quench her stars in endless gloom,
To give the world a prey to passions fell,
The rising hopes of man to crush and quell,
To make of Gold a God, to make of Earth a Hell.

Foes, grim and mighty, swarm
To wreak us deadliest harm:
Corruption, Bribery, Fraud, and Shame,
Dishonesty of myriad name,

Venality, alert to skulk and prowl,
Feeding on corpses like a hideous ghoul,
The ravenous Greed-of-spoils, and Party-spirit foul.

Want, Waste, Extravagance,
Hate, Lust, Intemperance,
Too-Much demanding more and more,
Too-Little, wailing at the door,—
Here bloated Wealth, Parade, and fatuous Pride,
With Trusts and sly Monopolies at their side,
There Poverty forlorn, and Crime in crimson dyed.

Here Tyranny, the "Boss,"
Our non-imported Joss,
Bellows with brazen voice and loud,
And kings it o'er a people cowed:
There Anarchy, insane and fierce of mood,
Foams at the mouth, collects her maddened brood,
Gnashes her teeth, and glares, and shrieks for fire and blood.

Here Party, subtle fiend,
From all detection screened,
Disguised as Angel of the Light,
Leads on her followers to the Night,—
Slays all whose vision is too bold or keen,
Exalts the blind, the timid, and the mean,
And bids them all bow down to Moloch, the "Machine:"

There dull Indifference,
Callous and slow of sense,
Greedy of base and slothful ease,
And self alone intent to please,
Buries its vacant mind in matters small,
Despises that which centres in the All,
Denies the law divine, and scoffs at Duty's call.

Alas, on every hand,
Huge black-browed giants stand.

Mad champions of the past and dead,
With wild-eyed Ignorance at their head,
Roaring loud-tongued with storms of empty speech,
Smiting with frantic hands at all who teach
The law divine of *Each for All and All for Each.*

These are thy foes to-day,
Thou grand America!
'Gainst these, more fierce than Goths or Huns,
To-day thou summonest thy sons,
And bidd'st their phalanx dense, a glorious band,
Still, like their Fathers, strong and dauntless stand,
Faithful to death, and still defend their Fathers' Land.

No cowardice, no despair!
Bravely the conflict dare!
Thy sons shall still thy foemen front,
And bear like men the battle's brunt.
Fear not the smoke, the shock, the shouts, the scars,
The struggling ages long of wounds and wars:
Unquenched, undimmed shall flash thy diamond crown of stars!

Beneath the juniper the prophet old,
By Beer-sheba (so runs the Hebrew tale),
Sat in the wilderness. Of what avail
His service of Jehovah, long and bold,
Denouncing lukewarm love and worship cold,
His zealous slaying of the priests of Baal,
His stern rebuke of royal Ahab pale?
He hid his face within his garment's fold.
What mourned he? Not the loss of life's reward,
Not lack of lands or gold or finery,
Not peril of fierce Jezebel's bloody sword:
Out from his soul burst forth this bitter cry—
"I am not better than my fathers, Lord!
I am not better than my fathers! Let me die!"

O mighty lesson, vast, magnificent!
The ancient legend fires the blood like wine;
It bears a truth more precious, grand, divine,
Than ever poet sang or prophet meant,
A truth with Nature's holiest hymnings blent.
BE BETTER THAN THY FATHERS! By that sign,
The world moves on in Evolution's line,
Quenching the soul that drones in self-content.
Wilt thou not life with nobler deeds adorn,
Thou art no child of theirs, the Fathers leal!
To aspire, to climb, is every spirit born:
Thou canst not live on nothing but the Real—
Thou canst not eat the husk and spurn the corn—
Die shalt thou, liv'st thou not by GOD'S DIVINE IDEAL.

And thou, my Country, thou must higher build
The rising temple which is but begun!
Not yet with destined splendor can the sun
Thy spires and pinnacles and turrets gild,—
Not yet is thy grand destiny fulfilled,
Not yet thy race of high achievement run,
Not yet thy goal of dazzling glory won:
The voice of God's Ideal is not stilled!
'Tis thine to build upon the Fathers' plan,
Yet give it loftier aims and vaster scope,—
Thine in the world's great march to lead the van,
And guide to light all who in darkness grope;
For thou art consecrate to God, to Man,—
To Freedom, Justice, Love, to Gratitude, to Hope!

BENEDICTION OF REV. I. S. LINCOLN

"Our Father who art in Heaven hallowed be Thy name We come to Thee after listening to the discussion of great themes, touching human welfare, and ask Thy blessing to rest upon this occasion. We thank Thee that we are not limited by time or space, but we are created in Thine immortal image so that we may ever live in obedience to Thy perfect government and may grow happier and better in the ever opening, brightening future. We ask Thee to bring about the time when universal purity shall prepare us for everlasting peace and joy. Amen."

At the close of the literary programme of the morning a collation was served in the lower hall and Unitarian vestry, under the management of Henry H. Stickney and S. K. Foster as caterers, assisted by an efficient corps of helpers. About six hundred were present at dinner, and a substantial bill of fare was presented, consisting of hot baked beans, cold meats, rolls, pastry, coffee, etc.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

The company assembled in the Town Hall in the afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, and completely filled every available place. The President, Mr. Burns, made a brief opening address, in which he made allusion to the centennial of Wilton in 1839. He spoke of a glowing and enthusiastic account of that celebration, which was written by Isaac Hill, one of New Hampshire's honored sons, and which was published April 30, 1840, in the Farmer's Monthly Visitor, edited by Mr. Hill. The title of the article is "New England and New England Intellect illustrated in the history of the first hundred years of the town of Wilton." Mr. Hill began his tribute to Wilton by the following unique and clearly original lines:

"What soil, what holy ground was Yankee Freedom
built on?
Such ground as that around, upon, beyond
the noble hills of Wilton.
Lexington, Bunker Hill, White Plains, the best blood
was spilt on,
That flowed in veins of noble spirits raised around,
upon, beyond the glorious hills of Wilton.
What region best fires, rouses, inspires a genius
like John Milton?
The elevated land around, upon, beyond
The gladden'd hills of Wilton,"

and closed by saying "many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

PROGRAMME.

1. Music by the Band.
2. Address, "Ministers of Wilton," Dr. A. A. Livermore.
3. Address, Hon. Geo. A. Marden
4. Music, "Hurrah for Old New England,"
Mrs. A. O. Barker and Chorus.
5. Address, Mr. Isaac Whiting, Wilton, N. H.
6. Address, Hon. Frank G. Clarke of Peterboro.
7. Poem, Major D. E. Procter, Wilton, N. H.
8. At this point the president said it would be interesting to know how many persons were present who attended the centennial fifty years ago, and invited all such to stand and be counted. The result showed above one hundred people.
9. Music, Duet, Mrs. Geo. Whiting and Mr. A. Fletcher.
10. Address, Geo. E. Bales, Esq., Wilton, N. H.
11. Music "The song that reached my heart,"
Mrs. George W. Hatch.
12. Address, Mr. G. O. Whiting, Lexington, Mass.
13. Music, Male Quartet,
H. P. Ring, Warren Jones, Chas. A. Burns, David Stevens.
14. Address, Dr. Frank M. Pevey, Wilton N. H.

15. Address, Rev. A. M. Pendleton, Milford, N. H.
16. Music, "Star Spangled Banner," sung by chorus and all the assembly.
17. Benediction, Dr. A. A. Livermore.

THE MINISTRY OF WILTON.

Address of Rev. A. A. Livermore, D. D., president of the Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Penn.

It has fallen to my lot to speak of the ministers of Wilton. This is due I suppose to the fact that I am a minister's grandson and a minister and engaged in training other ministers.

During the one hundred and fifty years of our history there have been in all the churches here about fifty ministers. At first there was but one church, now there are five.

The first minister who led this company was a native of Northborough, Mass., Jonathan Livermore, who was ordained Dec. 14, 1763. He was settled over the whole town under the old system of the union of state and church. While all the neighboring ministers were Calvinists, he was an American, which was the form of the liberal Christianity of that day, and to this fact it may be partly due that two Unitarian churches have since grown up in this town. Several hundred of his sermons still exist, of ancient script, yellow and solidly scriptural. Mr. Hill of Mason, who preached his funeral sermon, says "his labors were crowned with singular success, one hundred and fifty-two persons being added to the church," the test at that day of a minister's usefulness. There were only two families in town whose members were not baptized.

He was followed, after a ministry of a little more than thirteen years, by Rev. Abel Fisk, a native of Pepperell, Mass., who served the church about twenty-four years, a pious and faithful minister. His views were Calvinistic. He was much beloved and respected by the people of Wilton. He had some salient features of charac-

ter; one was a great love of horses and skill in training them, which have been said to be clerical propensities.

He was succeeded by Rev. Thomas Beede, a native of Poplin, now Fremont, N. H., who like his predecessor was a graduate of Harvard College. Many present will remember him—tall, dignified, of princely manners, but gracious and loving, and like his Master, the friend of children. In the pulpit his manner was earnest and eloquent. Several of his sermons were published. It was during his ministry in 1816 that the Sunday School was established, one of the earliest in the country. He removed to Maine after a service of twenty-six years. A classmate of Dr. Channing, he was essentially of a like faith, though holding a more hopeful view of the future life as a Universalist in his later years. His influence extended beyond the town. Hon. Isaac Hill pronounced an affectionate eulogy on him, in which he said, "no clergyman of New Hampshire was better known in his native state than Thomas Beede." He was prominent as a Free Mason, and chaplain of the State Legislature for seven successive years.

Thus three pastorships covered a period of sixty three years, from 1763 to 1826. They stamped the character of the town as a moral and religious community, which has continued to this day. By different talents and views they filled an honorable place in our history.

In the meantime new features of church administration had grown up. The Voluntary system took the place of the Union of town and church. Differences in religious views split the First church into sects of Baptists, Orthodox and Unitarian. Short terms instead of long ones became the custom in all the churches in the later history, the longest being, I believe, that of Rev. D. E. Adams of sixteen years in the Second Congregational church.

Instead of one race of people we now have three races, English, Irish and French in our town. The tight fitting straight-jacket of Puritan faith and observance has given way to more liberty, a more generous culture, perhaps to more license. The tithing man with his stalwart rod of authority is no more.

Time will fail me to give even the names of the many faithful ministers who have since filled the pulpits of the town. Some are pres-

ent who can speak for themselves, or have spoken already, the venerable Lincoln, the beloved Adams and others. Time also will fail me to mention the ministers and missionaries, who, either as natives or residents, have gone out from the town to do effectual service in behalf of humanity and the Christian church, honoring the names of Abbot, Barrett, Burton, Peabody, Steele, Wilson, Rockwood and others. But if anything is omitted, is it not recorded in the history of the town, in the chronicles of one hundred and fifty years, chapters 13 and 14?

God bless the ministers of Wilton, and may they be as devoted and faithful to their high calling as their forerunners, who have entered into the worship and service of the Church Triumphant.

ADDRESS OF HON. GEO. A. MARDEN OF LOWELL.

Mr. Marden, having indulged in some pleasantry as to the introduction given him by the President of the Day, proceeded to speak of the significance of the occasion which had called together the sons and daughters and grand-sons and grand daughters of old Wilton. As older countries count time, he said, New England is yet young, and Wilton is a mere youth. But it is to be remembered that our fathers began where old England left off, and Wilton adds to the hundred and fifty years of her own individual existence, all the centuries which represent the development of Great Britain from the crudest beginnings. The Wilton of 1739 had in it all the "promise and potency" of the results which make up the Wilton of 1889. And when our fathers came into this wilderness to start new homes they brought with them in embryo the entire machinery of the government which exists to-day. Progress has been constant, to be sure, and the picture which Mr. Brown has painted, both of what has been accomplished and what may be accomplished, can be considered exaggerated only in some of its alleged possibilities. "Ratios" are greatly modified by new factors of influence, and the increase in population, for instance, which the orator has so empha-

sized, seems to have met with a sort of automatic check since the days when Wilton's rural school-houses were crowded with the boys and girls of the neighborhood.

Nor is it chiefly in material progress, which can be stated in ratios and measured by figures, that Wilton's future value to the State and the nation is to be estimated. She may double or treble her water-power, and by means of dynamos on mountain streams run sewing machines and churns in the village, but that is not her chief glory. There has been a vast change in Wilton since her people celebrated the town's birthday at the old Central a half century ago. And the Wilton of 1839 is the conserving force which makes the Wilton of to-day a decent habitation. What we need most in the coming fifty years is a digestive power that shall take the vast conglomeration of elements which a free immigration has poured in upon us, and mould them into a homogeneous, safe and reliable citizenship. It is the power of the Wilton of our fathers which will enable us to do this, and that alone. The typical New England town, such as this town has been, and to a great extent still is, is both the glory and salvation of New England and the country. One may go across the line on the North of us and were he blindfold he could almost detect when he left the borders of New England. If he goes to the South or West it is to a great extent the same. The rest of the country is to be complimented in proportion to the New England characteristics it has imbibed. There is something infinitely attractive about a New England town of the Wilton type. It is tidy, it is wholesome, it is clean, one may say it is appetizing. In any typical New England home, however humble, one however fastidious may eat a square meal and be happy about it.

If this is local pride it is pardonable. One ought to be enthusiastic over the land of his birth or the home of his adoption. We have not heard so much of this to-day as will be heard later on. I have much sympathy with the remorse ascribed to Theodore Parker, who, being met one day on the street by an "Adventist" and assured that the world was coming to an end within a few weeks replied, "that does not concern me; I live in Boston." Happy is he who can be enthusiastic over his own and feel sure that his enthusiasm has an unquestionable foundation, as can a son or daughter of a town like Wilton.

Such love cannot easily exaggerate, however warm its language, and if the future shall prove as glorious for this venerable town as the past has been, if the conservative influence of the institutions and traditions of the noble men and women who gave us the Wilton of history, shall have, as we trust and believe they will, the moulding and fashioning of the Wilton of prophecy, our children's children may be as proud of her as we are, and as justly.

ADDRESS OF I. S. WHITING.

There is something peculiarly striking to the imagination in pioneer work. Though all times have their dangers and heroisms, there is in pioneering an element of the unknown and mysterious that smites the imagination with dread of dangers greatly disproportioned to the cause. As I think of those early settlers groping their way through the unknown wilderness, I am reminded of the discoverers who have made great names in history—of Columbus, held up by divine faith to discover a hemisphere, and round out the circle of the world; of the Cabots, threading the pathless seas to an unknown continent. Those early settlers, like these famous men, were discoverers and creators, men born to teach mankind new possibilities in human nature and to lead us out into farther reaches of endeavor. I am tempted to apply to them the words which the Almighty reserved for himself: "All things were made by them, and without them was not anything made that was made."

If we compare the motives of our forefathers with those of some of the early comers to this continent, they will not suffer in our estimation. Melendez came with the sword and stained his hands with the massacre of human beings; Cortez enslaved a nation, and DeSoto and his band of gay adventurers came to gain lands, and go back home with gold in their hands to spend in the revels of European courts. Our fathers came with purer motives and a loftier purpose.

"Not as the conqueror comes,
They the true hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drum,
And the trumpet that sings of fame."

They came to stay, to build homes and find their happiness in domestic life and the rewards of an honest industry.

If we look for works that entitle them to the glory of mankind, we shall find most prominent their declaration of political independence. Five days after the battle of Lexington the Selectmen put out a warrant for a town meeting, saying, "Whereas, it appears at this time that our public affairs are in so distressing a situation that we are not in a capacity to proceed in a legal manner, to see if the town will vote that the votes and resolves of this and all other meetings of this town, for the term of one year, shall be binding on the inhabitants of the town,"—and at the meeting this article was voted. They were among the first in the land to perceive that the people are the source of political power. The will of the people! That is the foundation of the American Union. It has been the glorious theme of every orator since the Union was framed, and not one word said in its praise has been spoken in vain. And yet that sublime political doctrine was first uttered by men who bore the same names as you and I bear; by men, some of whom have sons here to-day, and on a spot not three miles distant from where we sit. We are accustomed to go to distant lands and distant ages for examples of great deeds; but here, right here, among our own hills, we may find the inspiration for great endeavors, and in the archives beneath your feet you may see the sacred book that contains the law.

"The word unto the prophet spoken,
Was writ on tables yet unbroken."

And so on, through all the affairs of life, they showed us examples of achievement. They found here a wilderness; they left fields smiling with harvests. They threaded their way through the woods to their homes; they left us broad highways and bridges. They displaced the beaver-like instinct of the savage, in whose wigwam a thousand years made no change with the intelligence of the white man with whom every generation brings changes and improve-

ments in his dwelling. They built houses and mills; the schoolhouse, the church, and finally the town house. These they transmitted to us for our inheritance. They found us in "the debt immense of endless gratitude, still paying, still to owe."

ADDRESS OF HON. FRANK G. CLARK

OF PETERBORO'.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is difficult to decide which is the harder task to perform, to absent one's self from his native town upon this interesting occasion, or to be present at this time, with the recent admirable town history in almost every household, together with the eloquent and interesting words of president and orator still ringing in our ears, to be called upon to speak, and expect to respond in an interesting and satisfactory manner.

If it were not for the clergymen whom I see present I might at least say "Amen" to all that has been written and spoken concerning this grand old town to-day, and I should be sure that my action would meet your approbation, but in their presence even that privilege is denied me, and I feel a good deal as the prisoner did when he was asked by the judge if he had anything to offer to the court before sentence was imposed: "No, your honor," replied the prisoner, "there is nothing that I can offer you, for the reason that my lawyer has taken every cent I had;" and so it is with me at the present time, I have at least nothing new to offer, for the history of Wilton and the distinguished gentlemen who have preceeded me have most eloquently and ably stated it all.

And yet is that a valid reason why a loyal son of this good old town should remain entirely silent upon this glad day? No, Mr. President, it is no good reason why we should not signify our loyalty and devotion to the town of our nativity; it is no good reason why we should not express our gratitude and reverence for its founders and its institutions.

The hearts of her children are to-day throbbing with love for the familiar scenes of childhoods days and the cherished memories that cluster around them. Now fond recollections flash through our minds, telling us of joy, of gladness and of realized hopes, anon feelings of sadness come rushing over us as we are reminded of the ashes of our beloved dead upon yonder hillside; these tender memories are what make the old place dear to us. There is another reason why this, our native town, should be dear to us. Whatsoever we may have attained that is pure, good, manly or womanly; whatsoever we may have attained that is honorable in this life, we are indebted for it in no small degree to this, our native town, for it is here that the foundation of those principles were formed; it is here that they were tenderly nourished and fashioned.

We often hear with pride of the achievements of New Hampshire's eminent sons; we heard of them when Daniel Webster and John P. Hale and Henry Wilson stood like majestic sentinels in the Senate of the United States, upholding with peerless strength the principles of right and good government. We heard of them again in 1861, when the cause of human liberty was imperiled, when the rights of citizenship were assailed, and the very foundation of our government trembled. With one accord thousands of brave sons left their firesides and offered themselves as a sacrifice upon the altar of their country; yes, in those gloomy days we heard of the daughters also, the Florence Nightingales, whose soft whisper and gentle touch nursed back to health the sick and wounded, and soothed the pain of the dying soldier in his agony and despair. I remember well the heroism of the brave sons of Wilton in those days of doubt and danger. We recall with pride their patriotism and valor as, with feelings of deep emotion, they arose in public meetings and responded to the call for volunteers. Men who never spoke in public before offered themselves to their country in words more eloquent and inspiring than ever since were heard, and they made an impression upon my youthful mind that I shall never forget. We are accustomed to refer to these as New Hampshire men and women, when the fact is that the towns in which they passed their early years are entitled to the credit of their noble deeds much more than the State of New Hampshire. The church, the schoolhouse, the lyceum, the town meeting, each and all are institutions

of the town and not of the State. It is here that characters are formed before the forum and market places are reached. It is here that virtue, integrity and patriotism develop. These factors, together with the pure, upright, generous, self sacrificing lives of the noble men and women who have stood as beacon lights to the young people around them, have made the sons and daughters of Wilton what they are, and their lives and deeds reflect a lustre that helps to make up her history, and we are here to day to acknowledge it, and with grateful hearts and willing voices to pay a loving tribute to their worth and memory. May the fond recollections of this day ever continue to linger with us, making our deeds and lives such that they also may be worthy of emulation; then the reputation of this good old town we all love so well will in the future, as in the past, live on and live ever, a credit to her worthy sons and daughters.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

BY MAJOR D. E. PROCTOR.

One hundred and fifty years,
With all its hopes and fears,
    Have passed away,
We come from distant lands,
With warm hearts and cordial hands,
In happy, joyous bands,
    This autumn day,

To honor the brave, true men,
Who, leaving home and friend,
    And came to this
Good town, so strong and firm,
A Christian home to earn —
To fertile farms they turned,
    A wilderness.

Let praise to God ascend:
Let all our voices blend,
To him in song,
And praise him for the light,
That's kept these homes so bright,
Through storms and darkest night,
These years so long.

Soldiers in truth were they,
Trusting in God each day,
Their faith above.
They cleared these hills and bogs,
They worked through suns and fogs,
Their homes were built of logs,
Their labor, love.

For right and righteous laws,
They fought in English wars,
For England's gain.
Nobly and well they fought,
With sword and cannon shot,
Dear the victories they bought,
On bloody plain.

Again when English greed,
Caused the Colonies to bleed,
By unjust law,
First from these grand old hills,
They rallied with a will,
Fighting at Bunker Hill,
A holy war.

They fought with valor sharp,
Under White Mountain Stark,
At Bennington.
They humbled old King George
At Trenton, Valley Forge,
Nor sheathed the trusty sword,
Till war was done.

Penniless they returned,
Their honors nobly earned,
Their work well done.
With a faith that never flagged,
They planted Freedom's flag,
Upon the highest crag
Of mountain home.

They changed the sword to plow,
Their harvests a varied flow
Of milk and honey.
They sold their pork in trade,
And hard, sharp bargains made;
Their balances they paid
In Continental money.

The Parson then was chief,
Sincere in his belief,
God's way he told.
Teaching all to lead a life,
Above reproach and strife,
And used sin's pruning knife,
In manner bold.

His rules were well obeyed,
The sheep were few that strayed,
From out the fold.
For his support each man,
Of every race or clan,
Must pay upon his land,
A tax in gold.

Many years up and down,
With the people of the town,
The parson went.
Christened those of tender years,
Married them, soothed their fears,
Mingled with them his tears,
When life was spent.

To-day, the change how great!
He comes within the gate,
The Christian preacher.
The second, his flock he cheers;
The third day, words and tears,
While on the fourth appears,
Another teacher.

With force the question comes,
Are we to-day true sons
Of noble sires?
Have we done what was right,
And kept with main and might,
On the altars burning bright,
The ancestral fires?

Wherever it be thy part,
In town or crowded mart,
With all its noise,
Be this answer to thy mind,
In places of every kind,
Of honor and trust, you 'll find
Our Wilton boys.

When treason spurned our flag,
And raised the rebel rag,
With shotted guns,
They, as their fathers rose,
And gave back blows for blows,
Against their country's foes,
Your noble sons.

They marched in torrid sun,
They fought at first Bull Run,
Through ebb and flood.
On every field made red,
By human gore they bled;
In death and wounds they shed,
Pure Wilton blood.

As when the star of peace,
Gave the promise from the east,
To Judah's flocks.
The grand armies had met,
And slavery had paid the debt,
And treason's sun had set,
At Appomattox.

Like the fathers of old,
They returned to the fold,
"What was left of them."
And into ways of peace,
Joyous, a glad release,
They turned to Freedom's feast,
Good honest men.

Some chose the city's charms,
Some on the good old farms,
To work and wait.
Some thought the old home nest
Not large enough, and best
Obey Greeley, "Go west,"
For fortune's fate.

Some who were bright and keen,
Kindly took to medicine,
The way the best.
Trusting that by little skill,
Giving for every ill,
A sugared brown bread pill,
Achieved success.

Some battling in the strife,
Sought to lead a merchant's life,
To earn their bread.
Selling sugar mixed with sand,
Shaking warmly by the hand,
Talking soft, smooth and bland,
While victims bled.

Some having a legal turn,
Being wise, bright and learned,
Nimble of jaw,
Kindled a legal flame,
Rising to wealth and fame,
And earned an honored name,
In common law.

Others called by the Lord,
To preach His holy word,
A trust given.
To teach the way the best,
To gain the home of rest,
With saints immortal blest,
Safe in heaven.

Now whatever you may do,
Just mark this to be true,
To-day as then.
Here is the same sharp grit,
The same get up and git,
As 'twas in "seventy-six,"
'Mong Wilton men.

If again the sound of war,
Be echoed from afar,
Among these hills,
The sons of vets you'll find,
Shoulder to shoulder in line,
Fighting beneath the pine,
Braving the ills,

Of battle and the sound
Of woe that gathers round,
At every turning,
With a faith that never tires,
They, brave as were their sires,
Will keep the loyal fires
Brightly burning.

All honors to the brave,
Who nobly died to save
Our country free.
Wherever their bones may rest,
In valley or mountain crest,
May the sacred spot be blest,
Through eternity.

Honor the mothers dear,
Who mingled hope with fear,
With every care,
As in the homes they stayed,
And in silent sorrow prayed,
And saw within the shade,
The vacant chair.

Our every prayer shall be,
Keep our land forever free,
Its praises sing.
"Long may these hills be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King."

ADDRESS BY GEO. E. BALES, ESQ.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

There is somehow a misfortune which attaches to members of the legal fraternity in that they are expected to make a speech upon any and all occasions. But I have sometimes thought that this misfortune is not confined to the lawyers, but rather extends to those who are compelled to listen.

However, I can conceive of no occasion which would better serve as an inspiration for a speaker, than the event which we are to-day

commemorating. And indeed the thoughts which this interesting occasion suggests are so numerous and varied, that the time allotted seems entirely inadequate in which to give expression to the sentiments which demand utterance.

But there is one line of thought from which, owing to my tender years, I am from necessity excluded. I cannot, as my esteemed legal friend, Mr. Burns, might once have said, "indulge in *reminenses*."

This is certainly an important day in the history of Wilton. The spirit of celebration is echoing and re-echoing among these rugged hills, and is illuminating the beautiful valleys of this historic town. It is eminently fitting that upon this occasion, as the younger generation, we should pay to the ancient town the homage which is ever due from youth to old age. Representing this younger generation of native born and adopted citizens, I bring their salutations to Wilton upon this, its natal day,—a day which signalizes the completion of a century and a half of municipal life.

The town enters to-day upon a new chapter in its history, and its sons and daughters have assembled around the family hearthstone, glorying in the past and hopeful of the future; showing by their presence here to-day their love for the old town and reverence for its founders. And they are most worthy of unstinted praise for the heroism they displayed, the sacrifices they made, and the hardships which they endured in their pioneer life. As we consider the character of their work, the story of which the orator of the morning has rehearsed, we look back through the long vista of years with feelings of profound respect and veneration. We can to-day visit shrines of grander fame in other lands; there view the work of the masters of architecture and behold the beauties of art. We can in imagination recreate the glorious temples of ancient Athens. In Westminster Abbey we could hold communion with warriors and statesmen. But none of these are so suggestive of the glory, the grandeur or the humanity of mankind as this observance of a town's birthday.

The past is full of the achievements of men: the success of popular government is an assured fact; human thought has been emancipated; slavery abolished; the forces of nature made obedient to the will of man, and the nation saved from outward foes.

But our conflict will be, not with armed hosts upon the field of battle, but with those insidious forces which threatened corruption to the moral sentiments of our people—those forces which would violate the sanctity of home, or would subvert the institutions which are the pride and glory of New England.

We should stand firm against any encroachments upon our rights; adjust, so far as possible, the great economic problems which confront us, and as far as we are able, diffuse the blessing of education among the masses. In a word, let us, my young friends, appreciate more fully the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

A gallant color-bearer at Port Hudson, at the head of his detachment, was sent to capture a neighboring hill, for which the Confederates were also racing. The company moved steadily but surely up the hill, the heroic color-bearer at its head, bearing his flag in one hand high above him. Onward he marched, a tall, conspicuous mark for the enemy. When look! the hand that bore aloft the banner is pierced with a rifle ball. He caught the banner in the other hand, and when they had almost gained the hill-top, that hand went down, and the cheers which greeted him when he caught the banner in that hand, were changed to groans. But look again! he raised his wounded hands, caught the falling flag and plunged it into the breast of his uniform, staggered the few remaining steps to the top of the hill, and for a moment he stood balancing on his chin the banner above him, his bleeding hands hanging helpless at his side. And as he fell back into a comrade's arms to die, they heard him exclaim, "Boys, it never touched the ground."

And so, my young friends, may we maintain the standard raised one hundred and fifty years ago by our heroic, God-fearing ancestors, continued only at terrible sacrifice during all these years, so that when the time comes that we shall commit it to other, and we trust better hands, may we be able to say with the gallant color-bearer at Port Hudson, "It never touched the ground."

ADDRESS OF MR. G. O. WHITING,

OF LEXINGTON, MASS.

(Abstract.)

In the introduction, the President of the day referred to the politics of Mr. Whiting in such a way that he felt called upon to tell the story of the man who met the Jew on the street and deliberately knocked him down. When asked the cause of his strange conduct, the man replied, "I did it because you are one of the fellows who persecuted Christ." But said one of the crowd which had gathered, "That was 1800 years ago." "I don't care," was the reply, "I did not hear about it until last night." I don't know but I feel at present much as the Jew must have felt, continued Mr. Whiting. Some time ago my brother, in speaking of this celebration, said that if I felt like it they would like to hear from me. He also said they proposed having an antiquarian room, and any contributions I could make would be acceptable.

This part of his request I referred to Mrs. Whiting, and immediately forgot about both of them. Some few days after I remembered what my brother had said, and so asked my wife if she had thought of any relics to send. She said "Yes," that after mature deliberation she had decided to send me. So here I am, loaned for the occasion.

I am proud to call myself a son of Wilton. My life has fallen partly in two generations. I was born in time to remember well the last, with its dip candles, huge fire places and brick ovens. When I was a boy it was fifteen or twenty miles to the nearest railroad station. To-day every house in Wilton is a good one, and the railroad is at our doors, so that excursions may be enjoyed by nearly all. Nearly every luxury under the sun is ours, and yet we are not happy. How often we hear the complaint that the days are not as good as they used to be. This is all a mistake. Times are improving. In every direction we can see we are living on a more generous scale.

I remember the spring wagon which my father used to go to the mill in and to the meeting on Sunday. It was the first and best

one in town, and yet to-day everyone has two or three as good or better than it.

We are living on a higher plane. The Wilton of to-day is far in advance of the Wilton of 50 years ago, and 50 years hence there will be a still larger advance.

That the greatest happiness and prosperity may come to every citizen of my native town is my sincere wish.

DR. F. M. PEVEY'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Fellow Citizens of Wilton:

It gives me great pleasure to be permitted to stand here to-day for a few moments and give in my testimony for the good town of Wilton. I will not say the old town of Wilton for I do not regard that word as appropriate to a town in a republic until at least it has had a life of a thousand years.

I am not a native of this town, though I came within two of being born here, i. e. two towns, for Lyndboro' and Greenfield lie between this town and Bennington, and Bennington is the place of my nativity. But I have lived here long enough to gain a residence and long enough to attain to my majority, for I have resided in Wilton over twenty-one years; yes, nearly thirty. During that time I have identified myself with the interests of the town, I have rejoiced with its citizens when they had occasion to rejoice and I have suffered with them in their calamities of fire and flood. I love the town of Wilton, and as Carlisle says "A town consists in the lives of its inhabitants," I love the people of Wilton.

A few weeks since the President of the United States passed through a portion of the State and met with a royal reception. The Boston papers remarked the next morning that the patriotism of New Hampshire was hard to beat, that New Hampshire people would do their duty,—in such a case let the Executive of the nation belong to one party or the other.

This gathering to-day is in the line of patriotism, love of country,

love of township, love of home. You are celebrating the anniversary day of your nativity because you are interested in the welfare of your town. It is highly appropriate for the citizens of a town, as for an individual, occasionally to stop and look back over the path by which they have come and count the deeds they have done, in order that they may intelligently rejoice over their successes and improve by their mistakes.

This town has had a varied experience. It has had its seasons of affliction and disaster as well as seasons of prosperity, and during its life of one hundred and fifty years it has deported itself nobly. It has secured for itself an enviable position among the towns of the State, a position of which its citizens may well feel proud.

There are two events I will call your attention to to-day. One is the fact that your life for the last hundred years has been coexistant with the life of our government. Just one hundred years ago our national government commenced its existence. George Washington, the first President of these United States took his seat and delivered his first message to Congress in which was the memorable words which have been repeated in jest and in earnest so many times since, that "virtue and happiness are inseparable." In the same address he said that it was his conviction that the republican model of government had been entrusted as an experiment to the American people. It has been preserved for one hundred years and we confidently hope that its life will be perpetual.

Another event to which I will refer is this: One hundred years ago this year my grandfather, Peter Pevey, lived in this town. He worked in a mill, one of the first built in this town, located in the French village, called the Fowler Mill. Two years previous he married a Miss Cummings, who lived in the family of a Mr. Abbott. In 1789, just one hundred years ago, he moved with his family to the Southern part of Greenfield, into a log house on the side of the mountain. He drove a yoke of oxen drawing what little furniture they had, his wife with a child in her arms going before through the wilderness by a road designated by notched trees. She arrived first at the house and as tradition has it sat down and in her loneliness wept like a child. After the gush of feeling was over she arose and attended to the work of house-keeeping. They lived there many long and dreary years and in time built them a new

house. There were born to them twelve children. Eight lived to grow up, but recently the last of that generation has passed away. "So women must weep and men must work, but time goes on forever, forever!"

Reference has been made to the fact that the committee who arranged for the celebration fifty years ago were not here to-day but are all gone. It seems to me we should take a different view. Such noble men must have so shaped the events of their time that to-day we do see the effect of their lives and in a very important sense they are here at this anniversary.

So my friends we shall attend the next anniversary. We shall be there whether we will or no. Then let us stamp the age in which we live in such a way as to leave an impress upon any time that will help to make that an occasion of pleasure and rejoicing.

REV. A. M. PENDLETON'S ADDRESS.

I have an ideal of a town which will hold a jubilee once at least in fifty years, not simply to commemorate the passage of so much time, but to recount the progress it has made during that time. It is not mine to say what will be Wilton's gain in the next half century, but I can easily indicate the lines on which it will be made if made at all. It will be, first when her most enterprising citizens turn their trained intelligence to the development of the sources of wealth at hand instead of seeking their fortunes elsewhere, or, staying at home, plod along in old ruts by traditional methods and place their money in the farms and enterprises of other states to the neglect of home industries, and secondly, it will be when one and all make it a part of their conscious mental habit to further the well being of the town. The measure of a town's prosperity is the number of people in it who combine to build it up. Now any projected improvement of much moment encounters long delay and no little opposition. Individual selfishness hinders if it cannot appropriate the common good. But the true business citizen already knows

that individual prosperity apart from the common good is delusive. The gain of all is his gain. There is a life in common which if we live not well we fail individually even more conspiciously. The thought is no new thought. It was felicitously expressed by a society of some centuries ago in the significant and noble name by which they designated themselves, "The Brethren of the Life in Common." More distant centuries still recorded it in a luminous text of the Old Testament: "Then helped every one his neighbor," and every one said to his brother, "Be of good courage." So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and "he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil," and then of course they had the perfect society. Everybody helped and together they secured the complete good that everybody wanted. So when you have for a prime article of your town creed some such declaration as this, "We believe in doing with as little stress and strain as possible one good thing after another, world without end," a great committee, comprising the large mindedness, the wise foreseeing, the achieving hands, not officially appointed, but drawn together by elemental force, will lay out a series of improvements which you will take up in wise order year by year, till you have in Wilton all the advantages to be had in any other town, to the end that yours may be fit to be the residence of the better men and women of the coming time.

The most significant, and, to me, interesting thing said to-day, was said by the principal speaker this morning. When your orator began to forecast the possible future of Wilton, I felt a momentary apprehension lest he should treat as to the usual florid declamation with which an American loves to speak of his country in gross or detail. I said inwardly, "Now the American eagle will surely flap his wings." Instead, however, he gave us a sober scientific statement of the resources of water power in this valley, still remaining unused and capable of being used, in amount greater and more important than that which you have already utilized. Then by a large suggestion he went on to tell you how, by the application of electricity, these streams might be almost infinitely magnified, and your factories placed miles away in better localities than this narrow valley affords, with new populations and industries around them.

Instantly I recalled a memorable answer of Professor Peirce, of Harvard College, to a skeptical student who asked him one day in that spirit of doubt which finds nothing fixed or certain in this universe, "How do I know that the sun will rise to-morrow?" "Know it," said the religious man of science, "Know it as you do any other truth, on the veracity of God." There are no shams in nature. Will Wilton have a better future? Yea, as God lives. Hid within the iron hills, flowing in her streams, deep in her soil, abroad in her green acres are God's reserves of power which he keeps for the distant generations that they may find no slacking of his hand, but the eternal word sure.

BENEDICTION BY REV. A. A. LIVERMORE.

And now unto the God of our Fathers and to our God we commend ourselves and our town for the future as for the past, and may the love of the Heavenly Father and the grace of Jesus Christ and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with us forever. Amen.

Contributed on request of the Committee by Mr. Abiel Abbot, 81 Years of Age.

To the Committee of Arrangements.—

Gentlemen,—Having been invited by you to make some remarks on the occasion of our late celebration, I was prepared to do so had the time allowed. In compliance with your subsequent request for a copy of the remarks I would have made, I can only, not having them written, give you the substance of what I should have said. This I do herewith,—the more readily, as, having been in 1839 one of the committee to prepare and publish the account of the Centennial Celebration, I am glad in any way to facilitate your similar labors.

Mr. President,—Allusion has been made to the fondness for horses of our second minister, Rev. Abel Fisk, who lived where Mr. Gardner Blanchard now lives. At the time of his death his oldest son, the late Dea. Abel Fisk, was about 18 years old. In his "Recollections" of his father, given me many years ago, Dea. Fisk speaks of this trait and of his father sometimes having colts and young horses of his parishioners to break and train. He now and then rode them to his pastures on the Ministry Lots, which had not yet been sold,—one of his pastures being just north of the John Dale farm, to which a part of it was afterwards added. On one occasion he was seen coming from the north toward home, when the horse, taking bit in teeth, ran from the Common, in spite of efforts to hold him, down the hills to the barn. Mr. Fisk turned him about, and quietly saying, "You came for your pleasure and now must go back for mine," made him do it in satisfactory fashion. He was fond of music, and pleased with martial music. In his walks or rides about town, he had a habit, when not near houses, of humming or singing, so that the words would be heard by his little son on behind him,—always psalm tunes,—as old Winter, to the words,

His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground,
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

It was his practice to visit the schools, and sometimes at the close of the week to catechise the scholars. He made himself familiar, and often almost playful with children and youth; would rarely meet them without stopping, and after a few kindly words pass on. He was of quick sympathies, and entered readily into the feelings of others,—uniformly cheerful, naturally of a hopeful temperament, looking on the bright side of things,—disposed to be social and affable with all he met, returning in a kindly way their respectful salutations.

He uniformly wore small clothes, black coat, single breasted, straight bodied, of Quaker form; never anything but white about his neck; bands sometimes on special occasions; never a surplice; white topped boots in cold weather, shoes in warm; always cocked

hats, until about the time of his going in 1795 to the ordination of Rev. A. Abbot, in Connecticut, when he put on his first round hat.

He was often consulted by people in cases of disagreement or difficulty. It was his intention and practice to visit every family in the parish at least once a year; also, at other times those in misfortune or trouble,—as when he went to see Mr. Job Abbot, on part of the present county farm, the day after his barn was burnt.

He was in the habit of devoting himself much to the sick, and manifested a desire to be with them. Hearing of the severe sickness of Capt. Moore (living east of where A. B. Melendy now lives) in the mile slip, which was in his parochial care, and anxious to see him, he went staff in hand, in a severe snow storm in winter, over the blocked roads, calling on the way occasionally to rest, nearly four miles, and visited him, his family thinking it an imprudent exposure.

Nothing of evil tendency could excite much attention in town, nor political or other questions create much excitement, without his people being sure to hear their minister's opinion from the pulpit. And in town meetings he was as free to express his views on political or other questions as any citizen, and would often engage with zeal in the discussion of them. Nevertheless, at the time of his death, there were few voters in town (perhaps three or a half dozen) who did not habitually attend his preaching.

Mr. Fisk was out in the Continental service as chaplain. Dr. Rockwood was out at the same time as surgeon, and being on one occasion sick, the chaplain attended to his wants till the troops moving, he was obliged to go on with them and leave his friend to the care of others. Of the Continental money received as pay he at one time gave $200 for a bridle. The depreciation of the money in which the revolutionary soldiers were paid, was one of their hardships from which the soldiers of later wars have suffered comparatively little.

I notice, Mr. President, in the History of Wilton, an article headed, "Battle of the Revolution." From the account there given there does not appear to have been any battle at all, or any act of violence; and the "zealous patriots" were foiled of their purpose. It appears to have been written with very imperfect information of

what occurred. The facts of the case, as handed down in the family of one of the actors, were about as follows:

It became known that a stranger was staying at a certain house, on the Cram Hill, so-called, long ago removed, under suspicious circumstances, apparently wishing to keep out of sight; and it was believed that the family was harboring a deserter, who ought to be arrested. Now the people of Wilton were an orderly people, accustomed to act in an orderly manner. Like many towns, they had a committee of safety, usually of five good men, chosen regularly in town meeting to look after matters hostile to the patriot cause. This case claimed their notice, and they attended to their duty. They came together in the vicinity of that house, and sent forward one of their number, a mild, peaceable neighbor, to call and see if the supposed deserter was within; if so, he was to remain, see to the door, and look after the old lady. He remained, and the rest of the committee then advanced. On perceiving them, and mistrusting their object, the inmates of the house made a stir to fasten the door, but the peaceable man happened to be in the way, and so continued till the rest of the committee arrived, and thus gained an entrance. They proceeded to arrest the supposed deserter, "a stout fellow," who was not disposed to be arrested. Seizing him, they were dragging him out, notwithstanding his strenuous resistance and that of a strong muscular daughter (said to have fallen in love with him) who hung back at his coat tails; while the old lady, catching up the fire slice, was about to throw coals of fire on the heads of the committee, but was restrained by the peaceable man, calmly begging her "not to do anything rash." She, however, is said to have got her hands in the hair of some of the committee and to have retained a handful. One of the committee is said to have lost the cape of his great coat in the struggle; and one of them to have had his cue half torn from his head. What part, if any, the man of the house took in the affair is not stated.

The committee, having arrested their man, and properly secured him, took him for safe keeping over night to the house of one of their number, to whose person he is said, for greater security, to have been made fast, so that where one went the other would be obliged to accompany him. What was done with the man subsequently is not mentioned. Probably he was turned over to the

military authority, with what result is not now known. We know not the year when this affair happened, nor the time of year, except as implied in the mention of the great coat. Many circumstances and occurrences of those times that we would like to know, have in the lapse of more than a century been lost to us, locked up forever in the dark realms of oblivion.

CONTRIBUTED BY REV. I. S. LINCOLN.

On this joyful occasion, after listening, with great interest, to many appropriate speeches, wherein were sketched the progress of this town within the space of the last century and a half of its existence, and also, some of the salient elements, which have largely contributed to the productions of its present flourishing condition of affars, I am deeply impressed with the conviction, which I would most gladly impart to all other minds, (viz): That the two leading and most successful elements, acting as efficient causes in shaping the best human character and destiny so as to produce the best civilization and the largest amount of happiness are the Two Great Forces—Vital Religion and Sound Education. For the spread and triumph of which churches and school-houses are built and able teachers and valuable books are provided. Why are these most powerful agencies needed? Because man's nature and relations are such as a child of God, created in his constitutional, immortal image, with all the attributes of an intelligent, free, moral responsible agent, capable of forming a Godlike character in all the beauty, worth and glory of holiness. To accomplish this object, both religion and education must come to man's aid, to render him in the highest degree, good and happy, in all his relations to God and his great universe—in all his acquisitions and uses of things, over which, his rightful dominion extends. Thus aided and guided,

The above Address, for the lack of time, was not delivered at the time of the Celebration, but the Author, who has long resided in this town, and is in the 91st year of his age, is still active and highly enjoys life. This Address appears here, in print, by the request of the Town Committee of Wilton.

no matter how much property, represented by money, or in any thing else, which money will buy, religion will increase their value and make them more enjoyable.

Now this will be manifest, when we consider what religion is, in its true nature and in its legitimate place and fruits, as best illustrated in historic Christianity, and in the perfectly holy life of its great Divinely-inspired Founder, and, when we also consider what education is, as it is presented to us, in its various branches and grades in our good school system, from the primary department up to the complete university. What is religion in its characteristic elements? As an organic Divine Law, including all the forms of duty obligatory on all moral beings, the performance of which is productive of holy character,—Religion is Love, revealing itself in the exercise of universal benevolence, willing good to every body. Hence it has been truly said, "All Holiness consists in Benevolence." And its exact opposite, sin, consists in selfishness. God's perfect character and government are founded on conformity to this law of Love. This makes him glorious in holiness, and obedience to the same law makes his children shine in all the beauty of holiness. In this way only does vital religion bind a loving God and his loving children together in the closest and the most happy fellowship. In support of this statement we have the highest auth rity in such scriptural expressions as these: "Love is the fulfilling of the Law, the end of the commandment, the bond of perfectness." On these two commandments, love to God and love to man, Christ says, hang all the Law and the prophets, (i. e.) the whole sum of duty. Paul, in his beautiful description of charity, only another name for love, makes it the grand indispensible element of moral goodness, its soul, without which all else is of little relative worth. John, in his Epist., says: "God is Love, and whoso dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God and God in him." Hence, where this love is left out of human experience, there is no real religion.

One of the saddest cases of total destitution of real religion, on record, is exhibited to us in the wicked life, on a large scale, of Napoleon Bonaparte of France, as thus described in a brief sentence, by Wm. Ellery Channing, D.D., in his review of his character and life: "A Brain from Heaven, but a Heart from Hell."

A man of a magnificent intellect, possessing great natural and acquired talents, but all under the supreme control of a selfish, unprincipled heart, out of which he brought forth wicked things in great abundance. Like not a few others, he was "Wise to do evil, but to do good he seemed to have no knowledge." While, by these he became a great warrior and emperor, they made him the most terrific enemy of his race, and the world could not conquer him until they had learned from his example the great art of successful warfare. When they had done so, they tore off his crown and banished him from the throne of France and made him a prisoner in his lonely sea girt isle, a sad but merited fate. Such cases as this tend to prove the correctness of the following expressed opinion of Horace Mann, once president of Antioch college, a great educator, who did, in his day, more than any other man to improve and perfect our fine system of education. He says, "It seems almost cruel to highly educate, discipline, strengthen and increase the power and skill of the intellect, and neglect the holy culture of the heart, and leave it under the control of unprincipled selfishness to carry on a more successful war against the rights and interests of others."

The most wicked, dangerous persons on earth are those, who have, by unprincipled means, acquired the most power, and use it to injure others, to enrich self or self's clique or party. What a contrast between the course of the life of Bonaparte and its results and that of the truly religious person. With an all loving God most loved, religion harnesses all the great forms and forces of good into the service of God's loving, loyal children, and thus the great Divine promise is verified.

"All things work together for good to them that love God." Thus where religion becomes a matter of personal experience it generates a large capacity to derive enjoyment from all innocent enjoyable forms of good that come within the range of human knowledge, where they are and as they are—in the possession of others as really as those in his own own sole personal possession.

In this way wicked selfishness will be banished from the heart, and temptation will lose its controlling power to use wrong methods to obtain good from others. For, by having and using this large

and ever increasing capacity, the religious man can enjoy a vast amount of happiness from countless forms of good while they remain in the possession of others. Thus the amount of his enjoyment is immensly greater than the man's who is destitute of religious experience, even though he may count his possessions by the millions.

While vital religion justly claims the right to stand at the head of all forces, acting as causes, it cheerfully welcomes education as a powerful co-operative force, second only to itself. Each has much to do with words, with their construction into sentences, and with the interpretation of the real meaning they contain. The union of these two forces is indispensible to the highest success of each in doing good. Religion and education are both contained and come to use in words and their influence reaches us through this medium. Education asks and answers the question. What is the meaning of religion, which come to us locked up in words, which are the life-preservers of religious thought and influence from age to age forever? This has long been done in the past up to the present in words spoken, heard, written, printed and sung. Through this medium the Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles communicated the Gospel of salvation to our world in long ages past.

Education has much to do by the way of exposing and dispelling the numerous clouds of error that have so long, more or less. enveloped religion, and thus it has let in the clear glorious sunlight of truth, which has warmed into life and evelasting growth, the whole family of noble and ennobling virtues. Thus education may help remove obstructions and open the way for pure religion to enter into human experience, and make individuals and society in the largest degree prosperous in getting and using all forms of desirable good. While it may be true that gain is not godliness, it is a great form of truth that "godliness—serving God—is great gain, profitable unto all things having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

With these expressed views correspond those of the distinguished Christian educator, the late Horace Mann, when he said: "Man is a miserable orphan and wanderer till he finds a God and a Father in whom to confide." And so do they correspond with the religious views of New Hampshire's greatest son, Daniel Webster, whose

views may be most fittingly quoted here. His eloquent words are: "Religion is that tie which connects man with his Creator and binds him to His throne. An indispensible element in every great human character. If this tie be sundered, all broken, man floats away a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attraction all gone, his destiny thwarted, and his whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death." Holy and happy forever are all those who know from experience what this tie of religion is and the infinite hope it inspires.

ANTIQUARIAN ROOM.

One of the most attractive and unique things in connection with the celebration was the library room of the town hall, which was for the day fitted up as a "museum of antiquity."

The suggestion for such an exhibit came from Mrs. Harvey A. Whiting; the actual work of soliciting and collecting material and fitting up the rooms was not commenced in earnest until the Tuesday previous.

The Committee in charge consisted of Mrs. E. Putnam Dascomb, Mrs. Chas. H. Burns, Mrs. W. W. Curtis, H. H. Livermore, and L. C. Barnes.

The *raison d' etre* of the collection was found in the fact that an intermission of two hours was expected between the morning and afternoon exercises, and the supposition was that not all could be provided with seats at the first setting of the collation table, so to supply a diversion to those who were obliged to wait, the room was provided.

Following this idea, the intention was not to open the rooms until the morning exercises were over: but, owing to the large number of people who were unable to obtain admission to the hall, the

committee expedited matters so they were able to throw open the doors at 11 o'clock, thus furnishing those who were disappointed with something only less enjoyable than the speeches.

The display was so large that the major part of the library was taken up with extemporized tables, show cases, spinning wheels, etc. Hung around the walls and back of the tables were embroidered bed quilts, which gave a very pretty background. There were many of these bed spreads, all very old, but in good preservation, which represented monuments of industry and skill at needle work. Those which deserve special notice are:

1. One deep red quilt, designed by the Rev. Jonathan Livermore, in imitation of scroll work. It is known to be 120 years old.

2. One loaned by Mrs. O. J. Lewis, which was made of very fine patchwork, of red and green, on a white ground and quilted in fine designs, resembling a Marseilles spread.

3. A handsome bed spread, woven by Betsey Blanchard, has passed its hundredth year.

Other articles which were handed down from the family of Jonathan Livermore, consisted of the dress worn by Mrs. Dascomb; part of the costume worn by Mr. H. H. Livermore; saddle and pillion and saddle bags used by the Doctor over 120 years ago, looking rather the worse for wear; a bible 152 years old, which the reverend gentleman used, and his christening robe, dating from 1770.

Among the many valuable and curious relics with which the room was filled, the display of Jacob Putnam was especially interesting, because they came from the first settled farm in town. The present occupant of the place belongs to the fourth generation, and the name Jacob appears in three of them. The original owner of the implements was the great grandfather of the Putnam who contributed the articles and now owns the farm.

The tools consisted of a keyhole saw, probably the first of the kind ever in Wilton; an old bitstock made entirely of hard wood, in as good condition apparently as it was when first made; bits to go with the brace; two turning chisels, a swingeing knife and flax hatchel, a compass and candle stick one hundred years old.

A large flax wheel, in perfect condition, having two combers, one

coarse and one fine, with flax on it all ready to spin, stood in the corner. This wheel and an easy chair 130 years old was made by the original Jacob Putnam, with the very tools just enumerated.

One other article from the farm deserves especial mention, the so-called tithing stick. It is of turned hard wood, two feet long and two inches in diameter, with an iron cap on one end. It was used in the olden times by the tithing man, Jacob Putnam, 2d, to preserve order in church and other public gatherings. The gavel of modern times seems to be its descendant. The stick on exhibition is 150 years old.

L. J. Nutting contributed a mirror now entering the third century of its existence. The frame is well decorated, and glass clear and good. Also, a curious material formation in which a common tree fungus has cemented three good sized stones firmly together.

E. F. Perkins gave a cider mug 200 years of age. It is so colored and gotten up as to represent a man seated in an armchair in old-fashioned costume, three cornered hat, etc.

Mrs. S. J. Loveyoy had a 200 year-old wine glass, which shows the modern article to be no improvement on the ancient. Also a pair of small solid silver salt spoons, a century and a half old.

W. H. Livermore contributed some Colonial money, the oldest pieces of which was dated 1744.

Henry Gray showed an iron mortar, which originally was brought from England in 1637 by Wm. Chandler. Though showing the effect of use it is in good preservation, except one edge which is slightly broken. And a pair of balances, having scoop on one side and basket on the other, used by Nat Sawyer when he opened a store here in 1796.

Moses Lovejoy displayed an English straight backed chair, which has been in this country since 1803.

Benjamin Hopkins brought in a revolutionary musket over 6 feet long.

Luther Baldwin's place contributed an old-fashioned, long-handled frying pan.

G. E. Hartwell, an old rocking chair made in 1734.

Geo. O. Whiting, a hammered copper coffee urn once owned by the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father. This article though 100

years old is very beautiful and artistic. Also a carved old-fashioned chair, 200 years old.

Mrs. D. E. Proctor had the first low, round table ever in Lyndeboro. It was made in the year of the Declaration of Independence. Also portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Goodrich, grandfather and grandmother of Mrs. Procter.

Mrs. Elmira Dascomb furnished a 200 year-old extension candlestick.

A. A. Ramsey brought in a standard weight of Ireland dated 1718.

Wm. Abbot, a surgical knife with ivory handle obtained from Dr. E. Rockwood, and originally taken from the Hessians in the Revolution.

Calvin Lewis brought a very ancient warming pan.

A large variety of ladies' garments which once belonged to the grandmothers of this generation was to be seen; the implements for the working and spinning of flax and wool; wheels, cards, swingeing knives, etc.; many chairs that date back into colonial times; tools of all kinds; a large variety of very antique china ware, books, linen shawls, lanterns, etc.

The General Miller, Livermore and Abbot families brought in many valuable heirlooms.

Other articles deserving special mention are: A copy of the first news paper of the country, dated 1704, by Mr. J. W. Stiles; several revolutionary army commissions framed; copy of a letter written in 1772 by Bocachias Abbot of Andover; a model of the original church of the place made by Henry Holt from material taken from the ruins in 1860; twin wax dolls, life size, from the General Miller homestead—these took the first prize at the Paris Exposition, 100 years ago;—a 1756 rocking chair, old fashioned but in good condition; an arm chair with which Maj. Abiel Abbott began house-keeping in 1764; a handsome gilt mirror, 100 years old, and an antique tobacco box and pipe holder, both the property of Mrs. W. H. Barnes; a large number of warming pans and foot stoves; some silver spoons made from the sword of Capt. John Thurston of 1812 fame; a hundred year-old pipe; an antique silver watch as large as an ordinary clock of to-day; a rough colored glass vase made in North Lyndeboro by Rev. B. F. Clark in 1820; an ancient outline portrait of Dr. Moses Atwood, the first

homeopathic physician of New Hampshire; Deacon John Goodriche's first suit of clothes, very odd; Pewter plates and platter made by the grandfather of Abby Abbot, 150 years ago; a pair of spectacles, old enough, (150 years), to wear glasses; some beautiful linen embroidery done with a quill by Mrs. Geo. B. Preble's mother; an English ale jug—American since the revolution;—an 80 year-old doll, strange and comical in size, color and dress; the first Bible ever in Wilton; ear jewels of 1778; bridle rugs, cuff buttons, 150 years old; a handsome display of table linen in the process of manufacture; flax raised on Deacon Abbot's farm; a suit of clothes worn by Dr. A. A. Livermore when a boy, showing by several additions to the length the rapid growth of the youth; carved cane made of the jaw of a whale taken in the Arctic regions, property of E. F. Perkins.

To make the rooms more realistic of the olden times the ladies in charge were dressed in old fashioned costume.

Mrs. Putnam Dascomb wore a dress which has been handed down through the Livermore family from the wife of Jonathan Livermore. It is made of brocade satin, very dark red in color, full skirted and long waisted, as befitted a minister's wife of that time.

Mrs. W. W. Curtis in black satin, pompadour hair, high comb and white lace cape with muslin ruff represented the wife of our first President in feature as well as dress.

Mrs. C. H. Burns looked very old fashioned in her chintz dress with mutton leg sleeves and wearing a calash.

Mr. H. H. Livermore assisted, dressed in Court costume.

The rooms were so attractive that large crowds lingered there all day, and to accomodate those who were unable to examine things on Thursday, the rooms were kept open the next day.

Altogether it proved a complete success, and doubtless many unspoken as well as spoken thanks went out toward those whose industry produced in such a short time so large and valuable a collection of relics.

A complete description is impossible, but enough has been said to satisfy all who did not see it that it was an excellent collection and that they have lost a golden opportunity.

For those who did have the pleasure of seeing it any description is superfluous. It is graven on their memories as an hour spent in

the atmosphere of the 18th century; so the attempts and accomplishments of our ancestors, their ability to surmount obstacles and produce things of lasting worth, are brought rapidly home to us.

NOTE. For much of the material used in writing this account thanks are due to Mr. Frank Lund whose full notes have been kindly put at our disposal.

CONCERT.

A full house greeted the artists who came from Boston to finish the exercises of the day by giving us some fine music. The persons taking part were:

SIGNOR RONCONI, a renowned flutist and Buffo Opera singer, who is a member of the Listemann Concert Company. Signor Ronconi made his reputation as a vocalist and flutist in Europe before coming to America. His first vocal master was the the teacher of Christine Nillson. The gentleman has a finely cultivated deep bass voice, and his performance on the flute is marvelous.

MISS STELLA BONHUER is an American young lady now studying vocal music under Signor Ronconi. Her soprano voice is one of great range and sweetness.

MISS A. P. LOVELAND is one of Boston's finest pianists. A number of Wilton people have had an opportunity previous to the concert of enjoying her wonderful power over the piano. Superb execution and deep artistic appreciation unite in her.

It is needless, as it is impossible, to give a satisfactory account of the entertainment. Enough to say the audience by their repeated encores showed their rich appreciation of their efforts. The following is the program without the encores which were six in number:

1. Piano Solo, Minuet by Padaranski
   Miss A. P. Loveland.
2. Echo Song, Bishop
   Stella Bonhuer.
   Flute obligato, Signor G. B. Ronconi.

3. Murmuring Breezes, Jensen
Miss Loveland.
4. I fear no foe, Pinsuti
Bass song, Signor Ronconi.
5. Pattison Waltz Song,
Stella Bonheur.
6. Fantasie Melancolique, Reichert
Flute Solo, Signor Ronconi.
7. Lullaby from "Erminie,"
Stella Bonheur.
8. Leperello from "Madammina," Mozart
Signor Ronconi.
9. Piano Rondo, John Field,
Miss Loveland.
10. Duet from "L'Eliser d'Amore,
Stella Bonheur and Signor Ronconi.

The following young ladies were present dressed in antique costume: Miss Mabelle Emerson, Miss Grace Blanchard, Mrs. M. Parkhurst, the Misses Lulie Blanchard, Mary Proctor, Nettie Putnam, Gussie Putnam, Stella Beard, Fanny Whiting, Blanche Burns, Bertha Lund.

These young ladies, with Mr. L. C. Barnes as escort, occupied reserved seats near the stage and formed a picturesque group and gave us, of the present day, an opportunity to see the styles in vogue in the days of our great grandmothers.

APPENDIX.

It may be well for the committee to mention a few facts for the benefit of those who come after and celebrate the 200th anniversary.

First, There was no appropriation made by the town to defray the expenses of the celebration, which was thought by many at the time to be a great mistake, and your committee shared that feeling until they got fairly to work, when they found that something besides money was necessary to make the occasion a success. It being understood on the start that no money was raised every one whose services were needed went to work in earnest and gave freely of their time and talents for the success of the coming event. A few expenses were incurred, and those were more than met by the evening concert given by Miss Loveland and others from Boston, and which proved a very pleasant and profitable ending of the day.

The collation for such an occasion is the most difficult of all to arrange. The idea of soliciting food and making the dinner free was first thought of by the committee, but it was soon found that too much labor would fall upon a few; then again to give a free dinner to everybody that came seemed almost too much even for a generous town like ours. The plan of securing a caterer and charging 25 cents per plate was finally settled upon, and we think not only proved fairly profitable to the caterers but quite satisfactory to those who partook of the dinner.

The celebration was one that our town may well be proud of, and the success was due to the generous support and interest of not only those who took part in the exercises of the day but also the citizens generally who aided and assisted by their hearty cöoperation.

H. A. WHITING, for the Committee.

SUB-COMMITTEES.

The sub-committees, not already mentioned, appointed by the Executive Committee were as follows:

On Music.—Willis H. Abbott, chairman and conductor; Warren Jones, John D. Wilson, Charles A. Burns, A. Dwight Abbott, David Stevens, Harry P. Ring.

On Decorations,—Albert Beard and wife; S. K. Foster and wife.

On Reception,—F. M. Pevey, Isaac S. Whiting.

WILTON BRASS BAND.

The Wilton Brass Band which furnished gratuitously excellent music on the occasion of the anniversary was made up as follows: Azel P. Brigham, leader; Thomas Cooley, drum major; Albert A. Hartwell, G. Herbert Hartwell, Fred E. Bennett, Andrew Fletcher, Chas. B. Smith. Elmer E. Richardson, Harry P. Ring, Harry A. Powers, Dennis Hurley, John Giles, John R. Mac Kay, Walter M. Bales. Wm. J. Hollihan Michael Cullinan, Nathan A. Cragin, Frank W. Lund, John Sullivan, Samuel M. Upton, Orren S. Chandler, Dallas Sumner, John R. Sheldon, George Hood, Warren E. Foster. It was organized in 1857, and now has 25 members.

CHORUS

The chorus, furnishing vocal music in the Hall, was as follows:

Sopranos.—Mrs. A. O. Barker, Mrs. G. W. Hatch, Mrs. George Whiting, Mrs. Frank H. Pornitt, Miss Hattie S. Perkins, Miss Josephine H. Gage.

Altos.—Mrs. Harris Abbott, Mrs. W. C. Jones. Mrs. Wm. Berry, Miss Hattie L. Putnam, Miss Annie V. Tyler.

Tenors.—Andrew Fletcher, David Stevens, Chas. E. Edwards, A. Dwight Abbott, Ellery Hutchinson.

Bassos.—Warren Jones, Harry P. Ring, Frank Porritt, Chas. A. Burns, Stanley H. Abbott.

Pianist.—Mrs. C. A. Burns.

Conductor.—Willis H. Abbott.

LETTERS OF REGRET.

Invitations to be present at the exercises of the day were sent to Francis G. Peabody, D. D., son of the orator at the Centennial celebration; to Rev. S. B. Stewart, grandson of Rev. Thomas Beede, one of Wilton's early pastors, and to Col. Thos. L. Livermore. The invitations were sent by Rev. A. A. Livermore, at the request of the executive committee, and appended are the replies

LETTER OF REV. F. G. PEABODY.

Bar Harbor, Me., Sept. 13th.

My Dear Cousin:—Your kind invitation to the Wilton celebration reaches me unfortunately on the evening of the day you name. It would be a pleasure to me, and no doubt to my mother and sister, to be with you if it were possible, and I shall be glad if you will express to your committee our thanks for your remembrance. I trust that the occasion has been in all respects happy and successful. Believe me always sincerely yours.

Francis G. Peabody.

LETTER OF REV. S. B. STEWART.

Lynn, Mass., Sept. 11, 1889.

Dear Dr. Livermore: — In answer to your very kind invitation from the Centennial Committee to attend the Wilton celebration to-morrow, I very much regret my inability to be present. But I cannot resist a sense of pride, pardonable I trust, in having the rootlets of my life somewhat fed from the springs and fortunes of this noble old town.

Whatever my grandfather, Thomas Beede, may have contributed to the intellectual and spiritual life of the town, I shall always believe that there were equal happy, reciprocal influences from the many good andtrue people and families, where he lived for so many

years, that have descended to his children and grandchildren, for which they will always be most grateful, and on account of which they will always hold the town's fortunes and traditions in most affectionate remembrance.

Very sincerely,

SAMUEL BARRETT STEWART.

LETTER OF COL. THOS. L. LIVERMORE.

BOSTON, Sept 16th, 1889.

DEAR COUSIN:—I am much obliged to you for your kind invitation of last week. I thought when I received it that if a little more notice had been given me I should have been glad to come to the celebration, but it would not have availed me because I had to stay at home on the 12th for other reasons. I trust that the bad weather did not prevent a very good time.

Yours faithfully,

THOS. L. LIVERMORE.

THE EVERETT HOUSE.

The popular landlord of the Everett House, Mr. Starr B. Center, made a special effort to please the patrons of his house, and prepared a neat menu card, on the front of which were the words:

1739. 1889.

150th

ANNIVERSARY DINNER.

EVERETT HOUSE. WILTON, N. H.

A wood cut of a log cabin adorned the front of the card, while the back had a cut of the present commodious hotel. The house was quite extensively decorated throughout. One hundred guests assembled around the tables and partook of the following

MENU.

Chicken Soup. Escalloped Oysters. Roast Beef.
Broiled Spring Chicken.

VEGETABLES.

Mashed Potatoes. Sweet Potatoes. Turnip.
Green Corn. Stewed Tomatoes. Celery.
Onions. Cucumbers. Squash.

RELISHES.

Worcestershire Sauce. Cranberry Sauce.

PASTRY.

Meat Pie. Apple Pie. Squash Pie. Snow Pudding.
Coffee Gelatine with Cream.

ICE CREAM. CAKE.

Lemon. Vanilla. Sponge. Lily.

FRUITS.

Apples. Muskmelon. Watermelon. Bananas.

Tea. Milk. Coffee.

THE WILTON OF TO-DAY.

TOWN OFFICERS.

In order to connect this account with the town history, we give the town officers for 1888 and 1889.

For 1888.	For 1889.
Selectmen,	Selectmen,
James Sheldon,	James Sheldon,
Chas. E. Barrett,	John B. Hickey,
Geo. M. Hartshorn.	Richard M. Moore.
Town Clerk, John F. Mahoney.	Town Clerk, L. C. Barnes.
Town Treasurer, D. E. Proctor.	Town Treasurer, Geo. E. Bales.
Tax Collector, Frank M. Lund.	Tax Collector, Henry H. Stickney.
Board of Education,	Board of Education,
Geo. E. Bales,	Geo. E. Bales,
P. Ring,	Mrs. L. C. Barnes,
Mrs. L. C. Barnes.	Willis H. Abbott.

The town sent as delegate to the convention to revise the State Constitution, C. A. Bales.

The Postmaster at Wilton is Alfred E. Jacques, who has held the office for fourteen years; the Postmaster at West Wilton is Henry O. Sargent.

The office of Deputy Sheriff is filled by Moses Clark, who has occupied the position for twenty-seven years.

The Representatives to the Legislature since the publication of the history are: 1887, Dr. Josiah Fleeman; 1889, Geo. I. Doe.

THE BUSINESS MEN OF THE TOWN.

The Wilton Savings Bank.—E. G. Woodman, President; Geo. E. Bales, Treasurer.

Clothing and Furnishing Goods.—Geo. W. Wallace, E. F. Perkins.

Drugs and Medicines.—Henry Trevitt, M. D., H. A. Powers.

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Boots and Shoes.—S. N. Center & Son, A. C. Young.

Boots and Shoes.—F. M. Lund.

Groceries and General Stores.—D. E. Proctor, A. O. Barker, S. N. Center, 2d, M. P. Stanton.

Meat and Vegetables.—S. H. Dunbar, James Shea.

Millinery and Fancy Goods.—Miss S. A. Smith.

Stoves, Tinware and Plumbing.—S. K. Foster, W. H. Bearisto.

Ring's Ambrosia Co.—H. P. Ring.

Livery Stables.—Joseph Langdell, Eli J. Curtis.

Harness Makers.—Lewis Tingley, E. J Curtis.

Undertakers.—W. H. Barnes, H. H. Stickney, Henry N. Blanchard.

Express.—American, Northern.

Photographer.—F. E. Bugbee.

Printing.—H. P. Ring, H. A. Smith.

Builders' supplies.—D. E. Proctor.

Watch Maker and Repairer.—H. A. Smith.

Hair Cutting.—Frank F. Duval, H. A. Smith, F. M. Lovejoy.

Shoemakers and Repairers.—F. M. Lund, S. Hutchinson, Edwin Kidder, David Lovejoy.

Auctioneer.—R. J. Frye.

INDUSTRIES OF THE TOWN.

In order that the business of the town at the time of the celebration may be briefly reviewed as a whole, we simply enumerate the different manufactures and trades, the details being given in the History of Wilton.

Colony Brothers, manufacturers of flannels and dress goods.

Low & Rewell, machinists, manfacture self-wringing mops, Webster's elastic tug, etc.

Levi Putnam, saw mill, planing machine and turning lathe, manufactures trunks and trunk stock.

W. N. Patterson & Son, grist mill, and manufacture plows, cultivators and saw horses.

Daniel Cragin, manufacturer of knife trays, dry measures and sugar boxes.

Nathan Barker, cider mill, planing and matching machine.

Herman Hopkins, saw mill, clapboard and shingle machinery and turning lathe; makes rakes.

Henry H. Livermore, saw mill, shingle and stave machinery.

James H. Holt & Son, manufacture knobs and milk can stopples; also have a cider mill.

Henry O. Sargent, saw mill and turning machinery.

Samuel W. Smith manufactures knobs.

Roselvo A. Smith saws staves.

Hopkins & French manufacture fancy boxes and writing desks.

D. Whiting & Sons, milk and cream contractors, creamery butter makers; grain, lumber, wood and coal dealers; stave and box manufacturers; farmers.

Wheelwrights and carriage makers.—Flint & Gray, A. J. Parker, Nathan Cragin.

Blacksmiths and Carriage smiths.—Bales & Putnam, H. N. Gray & Son, C. B. Smith.

Carpenters.—H. L. Emerson, James L. Hardy, Wm. D. Stearns, Jeremiah Driscoll, Isaac Brothers, L. A. Tyler, E. D. Frye, J. H. Hutchinson.

Brick and stone masons.—Joel Hesselton, Chas. Hesselton.

Brick masons.—John Gage, Judson Hartshorn.

Stone masons and stone cutters.—Elijah Putnam, James R. Dascomb, John R. Sheldon, I. N. Hutchinson.

House painters.—Dallas Sumner, Geo. Hartwell, Orren Russell, H. N. Blanchard, Wm. A. Burton, Thos. Cooley, Geo. Hopkins.

Carriage painter.—A. P. Brigham.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND FRATERNITIES.

Clinton Lodge, No. 52, A. F. & A. M.—Masonry seems to have been established very early in the town, and the history of the early lodges is given in detail in the town history. The present lodge was established in 1829. The officers for 1889 are as follows:

John F. Smith, master; Warren P. Putnam, senior warden; David E. Proctor, junior warden; Henry L. Emerson, treasurer; John Gage, secretary; Cyrus M. Ingalls, senior deacon; Chas. A. Burns, junior deacon; Geo. W. Hatch, M. D., chaplain; Edmund P. Hutchinson, marshal; Arthur C. Young, senior steward; Wm. McLaughlin, junior steward; Lorenzo Quade, representative to Grand Lodge; Calvin H. Lewis, tyler. The society has a membership of sixty-nine at present.

Wilton Lodge, No. 2563, Knights of Honor, instituted Sept. 29, 1889. Officers—William H. Barnes, dictator; William D. Stearns, treasurer; George W. Wallace, financial reporter; David E. Proctor, reporter.

Laurel Lodge, No. 78, I. O. O. F.—This lodge was instituted April 18th, 1889, with seven charter members, and now numbers

over thirty members. The officers for the present term are : George E. Hartwell, noble grand ; R. M. Moore, vice grand ; W. B. Hopkins, secretary ; S. M. Upton, treasurer ; D. A. Stiles, warden ; M. J. Herlihy, conductor ; W. E. Foster, chaplain ; A. J. Rideout, past grand.

Forest Colony, No. 125, Pilgrim Fathers, instituted June 24th, 1889, with thirty charter members. Officers—Chas. A. Burns, governor ; Marcella Hatch, lieutenant governor ; Helen M. Putnam, secretary ; Frank W. Lund, collector ; Fred W. Clark, treasurer ; Ella F. Curtis, chaplain ; Frank P. Martin, sergeant at arms ; Elmira E. Martin, deputy sergeant at arms ; Naomi F. Stickney, inside sentinel ; Henry H. Stickney, outside sentinel ; Geo. E. Bales, ex-governor.

Abiel A. Livermore Post, No. 71, G. A. R., Department of New Hampshire was organized September 6th, 1883, with seventeen charter members. The records now give a membership of thirty-four. The present officers of the post are Henry L. Emerson, commander ; Sanford M. Avery, senior vice-commander ; Wm. D. Stearns, junior vice-commander ; D. F. Proctor, adjutant ; John Gage, quartermaster ; James R. Dascomb, surgeon ; George W. Parker, chaplain ; Thos. Carter, officer of the day ; Orren P. Russell, officer of the guard ; Lucius A. Way, sergeant major ; John R. Sheldon, quartermaster sergeant.

David E. Proctor, Camp No. 43, Sons of Veterans, organized May 14, 1889, with 14 charter members. Following is the list of officers : Edward W. Lawrence, captain ; Frank E. Proctor, first lieutenant ; Wm. F. Easton, second lieutenant ; Walter G. Parker, chaplain ; Wm. H. Emerson, first sergeant ; Horace B. Cook, quartermaster sergeant ; John J. Sullivan, sergeant of the guard ; Patrick B. McCarthy, color sergeant ; Jeremiah McCarthy, principal musician ; Morton F. Hutchinson, corporal of the guard ; Alfred E. Johnson, camp guard ; John H. McCarthy, picket guard.

Abiel A. Livermore Woman's Relief Corps, No. 52, organized Dec. 6, 1888. Officers : Mrs. Mary J. Hartwell, president ; Mrs. Abbie A. Emerson, senior vice president ; Mrs. Fannie M. Stickney, junior vice president ; Mrs. Eliza J. Shaw, secretary ; Mrs. Susan F. Gage, treasurer ; Mrs. Helen I. Russell, chaplain ; Mrs. Margie C. Butters, conductor ; Miss Mary E. Proctor, assistant conductor ;

Mrs. Hattie J. May, guard; Mrs. Emma C. Nutting, assistant guard. There are now thirty-nine names on the records.

Advance Grange, No. 20, Patrons of Husbandry. This Grange was founded Feb. 20, 1874, with a full complement—thirty members. The present membership numbers seventy-seven. The officers are, James Sheldon, master; Stanley H. Abbott, overseer; Will s H. Abbott, lecturer; Perley J. Abbott, steward; A. H. Goldsmith, assistant steward; Geo. S. Fowler, chaplain; Gardner Blanchard, treasurer; Mrs. A. D. Abbott, secretary; Wm. Berry, gate keeper; Mrs. H. Hopkins, Ceres; Mrs. C. H. White, Pomona; Mrs. Henry Gray, Flora; Mrs. Jennie Potter, lady assistant steward.

Besides the societies already mentioned, there is in town a Ladies Reading Club, whose meetings are of a literary and musical character.

PROFESSIONAL MEN.

Physicians.—Henry Trevitt, Geo. W. Hatch, B. F. Greene, C. E. Higgins.

Dentists.—F. M. Pevey, W. Y. McGown.

Lawyers.—George E. Bales, attorney and counsellor at law, notary public, Chas. H. Burns, counsel for Boston & Maine Railroad, has a law office in Nashua, but resides in Wilton.

Clergymen.—Rev. I. S. Lincoln, for a long time pastor of the Unitarian Church, now retired; Rev. T. O. Harlow, pastor of Baptist Church at Wilton Center; Rev. Father E. E. Buckle, pastor of Catholic Church.

CHURCHES.

The Liberal Christian Church, The Second Congregational, and the Catholic, are the churches in the village proper. At Wilton Centre there is the First Congregational (Unitarian), and the Baptist Church.

SCHOOLS.

There are in Wilton nine schools, of which four are graded. The schools in the village were graded in 1887, at which time a High School Course was arranged, which has since been somewhat modified and enlarged. The class of '88, numbering ten, was the first to be regularly graduated and to receive diplomas. In the winter of 1889 a course of lectures was given for the benefit of the High School, and the proceeds were devoted to the purchase of apparatus. Consequently the school now has a fair lot of physical apparatus, by the use of which the principles of modern science may be well shown. The course of study covers a period of three years, and embraces most of the studies usually found in an ordinary High School, but of course cannot in so short a time fit for college: this is one of the possibilities of the future. The scattered population in the districts outside the village proper, renders a graded system there a practical impossibility. The schools are in charge of competent teachers, and good work is done in them all There are nine teachers, and the total enrollment of pupils is 317. The appropriation available for school puposes was, for the fiscal year ending March 1st, $3,000.00. The teachers are as follows:

High School, Chas. W. Marshall. Grammar School, Clara H. Blood. Intermediate School, M. Grace Blanchard. Primary School, Emma F. Robertson. West Wilton, Hannah J. Herlihy. Davisville, Bertha L. Blood. Wilton Centre, Lulie S. Blanchard. Abbott Hill, Nellie S. Hobbs. French Village, Ida M. Kimball.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BY D. E. PROCTOR.

The Wilton Public Library was organized in 1872, with its rooms in the Savings Bank Building and Miss Persis Barrett as librarian. It gave the town excellent service until the disastrous fire of Dec. 2, 1874, when it was nearly destroyed. It however rose from its

ashes by the kindly assistance of friends and insurance and continued its good work until Jan. 20, 1881, when the fire fiend again visited it, and nothing was left except the few books which were in circulation. Later these books and some trust funds were placed in the hands of a Board of Trustees, consisting of the Hon. Charles H. Burns, Rev. J. J. Twiss, Miss Persis Barrett, I. S. Whiting, and D E Proctor. A library room has been fitted with all the modern improvements in the Town Hall, and at the last annual meeting in March, 1889, the town voted an appropriation of ($500) five hundred dollars for necessary furniture and fixtures, books and other expenses. George A. Newell of Boston, a son of this good town has kindly presented the library with one thousand volumes of new and standard books.

The Ladies' Reading Club, an organization of our most highly educated ladies, have promised about five hundred volumes of the American Cyclopedia. The Hon. C. H. Burns presents nearly 100 volumes of standard works. Dr. F. M. Pevey promises the library a surprise in the near future, while others are ready to add further contributions. The books will be arranged in alcoves—those given by Mr. Newell to be the "Newell Alcove;" those by the Reading Club to be named as the ladies of the club may designate, while blanks will be left for the names of other generous sons or friends of Wilton to immortalize themselves and make the library and the world better for their kind benefactions.

Miss Martha Putnam is librarian, and the present Board of Trustees consists of Hon. C. H. Burns, Isaac S. Whiting, Esq., D. E. Proctor, George E. Bales, Esq., and George G. Blanchard.

STATISTICS.

The Wilton of to-day is a growing, thriving town. The beautiful hills, commanding a view unsurpassed in a State of beautiful scenery, entice many from the cities during the heated term, and in consequence summer homes are being built in different portions of the

town. Wilton is thus brought more prominently to notice, and if once visited is very likely to be again, for the hills are not the only attraction. Pleasant walks and drives reveal nooks of unexpected beauty. Prominent among these should be mentioned Barnes' Falls—originally, as some claim, called Greeley's Falls—the natural charm of which is being enhanced by the efforts of Mr. O. J. Lewis, who has recently come into possession of this property. Thus Wilton increases in population and favor. The population to day is in the vicinity of 2,000, although only approximate figures can be given; but it is thought that the census will show rather more than the above estimate. The number of registered voters is 446, and the total valuation is $897,618. This sum, according to the last Town Report, is distributed as follows:

	VALUE.
Number polls, 418, ...	$41,800 00
" horses, 309, ...	23,598 00
" oxen, 61, ...	3,580 00
" cows, 821, ...	23,574 00
" neat stock, 154, ...	2,702 00
" sheep, 97, ...	368 00
" hogs, 506, ...	3,589 00
" carriages, 30, ...	2,645 00
Improved and unimproved land, . .	641,385 00
Stock in public funds, ...	23,500 00
" in banks, ...	24,570 00
Money on hand or at interest, . . .	40,857 00
Stock in trade, ...	44,100 00
Mills and machinery, ...	21,350 00

The amount of tax collected was $14,820.93. This, with $25.82 collected as interest, gives a total of $14,846.75.

The principal revenue of the farmer is derived from milk for the Boston markets; price, 24 cents per can of 8 quarts. A few figures as to prices on some of the important farm products may not be out of place here, and we give them as follows:

Corn, 50 cents per bushel; white beans, $2 per bushel; peas, $1.50 per bushel; rye, 75 cents per bushel; oats, 35 cents per bush.; potatoes, 60 to 70 cents per bushel; butter, 25 cents per lb.; wood.

$4 per cord; apples, No. 1, $2 per bbl.; hay, $15 per ton; flour, winter wheat, $5 per bbl.; spring wheat, patent, $6 per bbl.; price of farm labor, $20 per month; haying, $2 per day; skilled labor, $2 to $3 per day.

(To show how the relative importance of crops has changed in 50 years, it may be interesting to note that in our country corn instead of cotton is king, and now our five most valuable crops are corn, hay, wheat, cotton and oats, in the order named.)

The general health of Wilton is good, as is indicated by the fact that there are in town about one hundred persons who are seventy years old or older. Number of deaths for year ending Dec. 31st, 1888, 37,

It is said that the only married couples that were present at the Centennial Celebration of 1839, and at the late celebration of 1889, were Mr. and Mrs. David Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Lovejoy, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Emerson.

Mr. Sewall Putnam contributes the following interesting bit of history:

"Rev. F. G. Clark of Medford, Mass., a native of Lyndeborough, who gave the historical address at the 150th anniversary of the settlement of Lyndeborough, informed me that he learned from the Salem, Canada, records, that Nathaniel Putnam, (the father of Jacob, Archalaus, Ephraim and Nathaniel Putnam, early settlers in that part of Salem, Canada, that is now Wilton), was one of the proprietors of Salem, Canada, and in 1742 he built a saw mill on the brook near the meadow at the head of Barnes' Falls. The mill was two or three times rebuilt, and sucessively owned and occupied for one hundred and twenty-five years by Jacob Putnam; his son, Archalaus Putnam, Abiel Wilson, Putnam Wilson, Oliver Whiting, and Aaron Barnes."

ERRATA.

On middle of page 10, for Whitney read Whiting.

On page 18, tenth line from bottom for aspostle read apostle.

On page 25, thirteenth line from top, for affords read afford.

On page 35, eleventh line from top, for $106 read $100.

On page 37, second line from bottom, for 1700 read 1790.

On page 61, fourteenth line from bottom, for American read Arminian.

On page 92, for Burns read Burns.

On page 96, for Bonhuer read Bonheur.

On page 99, eleventh line from bottom, for Pornitt read Porritt.

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